

THE GRAIL



The Grail

Volume 27, No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1945

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THE GRAIL

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THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$1.00 a year: Canada \$1.25. Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1108, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

We employ no agents.

Manuscripts of articles and stories should be addressed to the Reverend Editor, The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Subscriptions and enrollments in The Grail Mass Guild should be addressed to The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Changes of address, giving the old and the new address, should be sent to us a month in advance.

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

A New Humanity



H. C. McGinnis

RECENTLY I have run across a number of people who believe that nothing will jolt modern man out of his crass Individualism. They even doubt that Christianity can do it. Some of these people are Catholics and speak, of course, of society at large. They do not question Christianity's power when it gets an opportunity to work, but they feel that many people have deliberately made themselves wholly impervious to Christianity's doctrines. Others, non-Catholics, are evidently acquainted with only the denatured brand of Christianity which is now so prevalent. Perhaps they have been influenced by the book recently published in which the author charges that the happenings of the present century prove the "complete bankruptcy of Christianity as a civilizing force." In supporting this charge, the author claims it cannot be denied that Christianity has failed to penetrate man's soul, that it has not taken root in human character. All it has done, he says, has been to create a fragile veneer of ethical conduct, a thin crust of civilization, which was blasted away when exposed to real tests. Calling the failure of Christianity as a civilizing force an in-

calculable tragedy, he rejects it utterly as a force for good in the new world order he wants to see erected. It is plain, of course, that he utterly disregards Europe's history in making these accusations, but unfortunately, too many readers fail to realize this fact as they absorb what appears to be a very convincing argument supported by the picture of civilization twice engaged in an orgy of throat-slitting within a quarter-century.

Perhaps the above author is conversant with only that mixture of Deism, watered down concept of religion, moral platitudes and secular morality which is so often called Christianity these days. An empty concept of a far-away Christ and a refusal to accept His precepts as mandatory laws, which must not be compromised and twisted to meet the demands of today's Materialism and Individualism or else shorn entirely of their real significance, can scarcely be called Christianity, even though so many people insist that it is. Any practice which regards the Gospel's teachings as a sort of cafeteria where one can take what he pleases and refuse what doesn't suit his particular fancy bears the Christian label falsely and fraudulently. The trouble lies not in Christianity's failure as a civilizing and regenerating force, but in the departures from it which persist in claiming the Christian tag. The distortions which the Gospel suffers at the hands of people professing to be Christians are altogether too horrible to behold. Christ would never recognize His teachings as some of today's people interpret them.

TODAY'S most grievous error consists of trying to superimpose Christianity upon a Materialistic pattern, making of it an ornament calculated to soothe man's conscience and permit him to beguile

himself into believing that he has incorporated the religious concept of life into his social pattern. However, the fact remains that modern society does not recognize the religious principle in its make-up, although it was the Redeemer's purpose to establish a new concept of society which would be definitely religious in character. He intended that a new humanity should arise, one which would recognize the supernatural in its life. He intended that man be born again, this time into a new concept of his being. "Be renewed in the spirit of your mind," St. Paul tells us, "and put on the new man, who according to God is created in justice and the holiness of truth." Since Christianity means a new life and the putting on of the new man and the discarding of the old, it is obvious that Christianity cannot be made to fit a materialistic conception of society. Yet modern man, despite the fact that, like Saul before his conversion, he finds it hard to kick against the goad, stubbornly and foolishly persists in trying to perform the impossible. As the result, we have a so-called Christianity which bears little resemblance to the real thing.

WHEN one examines this so-called Christianity, he is apt to agree with today's pessimists that it can do little to change the heart of the modern man. But true Christianity will bring about what Christopher Dawson calls a "new humanity and the beginnings of a new world." True, man does not become this new humanity through himself, but rather through the force of supernatural grace which effects changes which man cannot achieve through his own efforts. The true Christian lives in addition to his earthly existence a supernatural life which gives him a moral strength and per-

ception far greater than any he can possibly achieve without the benefit of Christianity's grace. The true Christian is more than body and soul: he adds to these the Divine Spirit which he shares by becoming one with Christ. As St. Paul told the Galatians: "And I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." This oneness with Christ is not man's work, but God's gift. It can be secured only by a surrender to Christianity. The Spirit of Christ which changed pagan Rome to Christian Rome and made possible the Apostolic Age can change today's pagan world into a new Christian era. But this Spirit is not to be found in the denatured, devitalized thing which so many people erroneously call Christianity. A concept of religion, no matter what it is called, that does not recognize and worship a personal God, that does not recognize that God's mercy and grace, becomes ultimately little more than a code of secular morals. A code of morals, no matter how good, is not even a substitute for the dynamic force for good which is Christianity. As St. Paul warned the Ephesians, it is by grace and not by works that we are saved and this grace does not come from a so-called religion which is simply a code of morals and a collection of pious platitudes. Those who doubt the power of Christianity as society's regenerating force doubt the power of God to reform the world which He created. But then, their doubts are excusable to a degree, for they are not acquainted with true Christianity, but rather a pseudo-Christianity.

THE MOST dynamic forces in social life are to be found in what St. Paul calls the fruit of the Spirit: charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, continency and chastity. The first of these alone—charity—when practiced in the fullness of its complete Christian sense will bring about that new order of mankind for which a weary world so blindly gropes. For the true Christian does not live to himself. The inner forces of his life, which are the forces of Christ, produce external fruit which bear the

mark of Christliness. Man, once he has put on the new life through Christianity, puts it into action not only for himself but also for the benefit of his neighbors. This social activity by the Christian is mandatory, for personal holiness does not in itself constitute the complete Christian life. The Christian also has a definite apostolate to perform: he must live the Gospel for the benefit of all men. "The Christian once trained," said Pius XI, "must promote outside of himself the life that he has received. He ought to carry everywhere this treasure of Christianity and make it live in every field of human relations, in family and in public life, not exclusive of politics. For what we wish is that Christ rule on earth as He rules in heaven, and that His kingdom over the world become effective."

The establishment of a new order of humanity demands action of the most dynamic and forceful sort. If the followers of Christianity were now half as active as the followers of paganism, the battle for the world's betterment would now be joined in a great fury. But far too many Christians seem to believe that Christ's kingdom on earth will come about in time through evolution. It won't. If it were to come about without the work of the Church Militant, the Savior would not have given the direct and express command that "Going therefore teach you all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," as St. Matthew records. As a great Catholic philosopher has said: "Christianize the conscience of humanity, and the world's problems are solved." This is very true, but the Christianizing must be a conscious effort on the part of those who possess the Truth. Those fortunate ones who possess the pearl of great price must hasten to share it with their fellow-men. Christ commanded His disciples to be the "leaven" of society, the "salt of the earth" and the "light of the world." Christian example and activity are just as necessary today as they were in the time of Christ and they still hold the same power of victorious accomplishment. The Chris-

tian body should be the world's soul and conscience, and until it does become that, society will continue to flounder aimlessly in the morasses of paganism and consequently of despair.

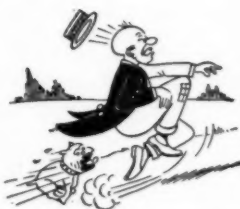
Pius XI said that "social reconstruction must be preceded by a profound renewal of the Christian spirit." This Christian spirit must exist in all its original purity and not be made to conform, even in part, to the spirit of the day. Society must turn to the spiritual forces of religion as contained in true Christianity and its Gospel. The Christian renewal of human society is the only way by which mankind can grow into that new humanity, that "rebirth" of which the Savior talked, that "new Creation" expounded by St. Paul, which it longs for so avidly as the end to its ever-present miseries. Society must be brought back to Christ, and that Christ must be the living Christ, not the memory of a great moralist, of a superior prophet, or of a dead reformer. Nor can it be brought through Deism's conception of an absentee God. The God of the new humanity must be an ever-present God, the God of true Christianity. The God of the Gospel must be reintroduced to the world by the followers of the True Faith. This work is as much the responsibility of the laity as it is of the clergy. The Faith must be promoted by every last follower of Christ by every means possible. Christ's teachings must be infused into every aspect of everyday life as its guiding factor. Until these teachings become the dominating force in all society, man's efforts to escape from his present state of misery, unhappiness and insecurity will be futile.

Man's whole life and all its activities must be a reflection of the religious spirit if society is to conform to the Creator's intention. Man must cease trying to make spirituality and materialism live together in harmony. Such attempts are attempts to create a monstrosity, for Christianity and Materialism are incompatible. Man must definitely choose to be either for or against Christ: there is no successful middle course.



Give and Take

THE GRAIL will pay five dollars for each letter published in this department. It is our "Open Forum" for our readers and all are invited to express their ideas, whether in conformity with or in divergence to those in the articles of The Grail. The letters must in some way comment on the articles in the magazine.



Dashing Poetry

Dear Editor:

I long labored under the impression that the writing of poetry is a very difficult task and one not to be undertaken without intensive and earnest study. However, after reading 'How to Dash off a Poem' by Jack Kearns in the September issue of THE GRAIL, I see how mistaken I was. Accepting his invitation, or challenge to submit my effort, I herewith enclose the following:

DDT

A poem is a mess of words—
They may be yours, or mine,
Or even Noah Webster's—
No matter, so's they rhyme.
They needn't make a bit of sense,
The sillier the cuter,
"Dud-dud-dud-DAH — Dud-dud-dud-
DAH,"

You start right in and toot'er.

Thanks, Jackie, for your good advice,
Perhaps some time I'll try it,
But tell me, should I write such
junk,
Where's the man who'd buy it?

Mrs. R. J. Hering
Royal, Nebraska

Reverend dear Father,

The article "How to Dash Off a Poem" in the September issue of THE GRAIL, is one calculated to

make a man's blood boil, were it not for the lurking suspicion that it was "dashed off" with the author's tongue in his cheek. Was it inserted expressly to excite comment for your "Give and Take" column? Or is there, perhaps, some grudge you hold against poetry? We notice that THE GRAIL is rare, if not unique, among periodicals of its type by reason of the exclusion of poetry from its pages. Obviously, however, what the author had in mind was not poetry but verse.

Poetry is one of the fine arts and, as such, it is a vehicle for giving expression to the beautiful. But God Himself is the Author and Source of all beauty. We feel that true poetry, a God-given good, is greatly wronged by the jocose and irreverent treatment of the article in question.

"Anybody can write one?" Yes, anyone can compose a series of senseless rhymes and set them to rhythm, but his is a rare talent who can capture some elusive spark of beauty and imprison it in words for his less gifted neighbors to admire and enjoy.

Yours very respectfully,
William J. Phillipps
Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Kearns is not opposed to poetry. Neither is the editor of The Grail. The article in question was whimsical and a playful expression of what many persons think of poetry. They don't know what they are missing.

Cooperatives

Dear Editor:

I read the article—"A Century of Co-ops" in the GRAIL and since I do not approve of the co-operatives I am writing you my reasons for opposing them.

Many small business men are opposed to co-operatives for several reasons.—They fear co-ops will eventually destroy private ownership or make it impractical.

Leaders of the co-operative movement are now preaching—"The day of the small shop-keeper and individual producer is over." This plainly reveals their socialistic desire to do all they can to put the small business man out of business.

Leaders of the Catholic Church advocate wider and wider distribution of private ownership and state emphatically it is absolutely necessary for man, that it is his economic guarantee of human freedom and liberty. They emphasize when private ownership is killed off man's freedom goes with it and a dictatorial state takes over the nation's economy.

America needs an economic system for its people to make their living by—just as a football or baseball game needs a set of rules by which to play the game. If the players were allowed to make their own choice of rules to play by, the game would end in quarreling and fighting.

The reason we have war, quarreling, fighting, graft, unemployment, insecurity and confusion in America is the fact that we allow three economic systems to function and fight one another. They are private ownership—where an individual operates on his own money and credit—monopoly corporations—that operate on other people's money and the credit of America via stock exchanges, commodity exchanges and large banks—and the co-operative movement—which also depends on other people's money and credit.

If we desire to stop this fighting and confusion, we should insist that all governments and education protect the type of private ownership where an individual operates on his own capital and credit to the point where monopoly corporations and

co-operatives would be classed as enemies to America's economy. True, such a program would naturally call for government and municipal ownership of all large enterprises that must of necessity be granted a monopoly. But when such business as railroads, utilities, radio, the post-office, etc., are taken care of, all other business should operate under the private ownership of individuals and their partners, with the number of partners limited so no firms could grow into monopoly again. Such an economic system would actually protect the "Rights of the individual," which is the sole purpose of our American way. It would also scatter private owner-

ship far and wide instead of concentrating wealth and people in thickly populated areas as co-ops and corporations do.

If schools and government leaders would only "think" and discover how precious the small business man is for service, opportunities for all, and competition, instead of picking on him and calling him inefficient, unclean and on his way out, and go back to private ownership, America's economic ills would soon end and we would again have a government—of the people, by the people and for the people. Its people could then expand Christianity. But if the people are "for the government" the people cannot practice Christianity.

If we analyze monopoly corporations carefully we discover that they are co-operatives—the co-operatives of the rich, whose leaders have been using the same reasoning during the years namely—when a group of men gang up on the individual (private ownership) they can lick him.

Monopoly corporations are licking the small private ownership business man at a very rapid rate. For years they have "kidded" him to stay in the business field long enough for them to use him but as soon as they did not need him anymore they put in their own shops and factories.

Co-operatives claim they entered this battle to fight the monopoly corporations, and while they were sincere, we find in many cases where they used the same tricks to help put small business men out of business and even joined up with monopoly corporations. No wonder we are experiencing an economic fight in the United States—we have two powerful forces fighting the American right of the individual to own property privately.

If the co-operatives grow big, they will get the federal government to back them with finance, credit and freedom from taxation and with these tremendous advantages private ownership won't have a chance. The next step will end up in socialism or communism. Catholic backers of the co-ops claim they cannot become socialistic if used in the "Catholic-sense" but the pagans can use co-ops also and they have us Catholics outnumbered, and they are not likely to operate in the Catholic sense.

If America wants to retain private ownership and the rights of the individual we had better wake up and watch the co-ops and corporations.

Geo. H. Beyer
Madison, Wisconsin.

Our Schools

Dear Sir:

I read with a great deal of interest, H. C. McGinnis's well argued article, appearing in the September issue of *THE GRAIL*; deploring the



At it again!

lack of religious training in our public school systems.

Admitting this lack, and realizing the necessity of ethical and moral instruction in our schools, we must first decide who is responsible for this condition. Is it the teachers or principals, the school boards, or our political leaders? Definitely no.

In a land where we have "government for the people, by the people" the guilt for this state of affairs lies fairly and squarely on the shoulders of "we the parents."

We, the parents, are directly responsible for any condition in modern society that reflects itself on the behaviour or misbehaviour of our children. We, the parents, are answerable, and we the parents can and must supply the remedy.

Furthermore, I feel that this omission of religious training in the schools, is only a minor contribution to (I would like to use a more appropriate term) juvenile delinquency. Stop and think of the "moronic mess" that comes to our children via the movies and radio. Remember that today's children are nursed on "radio" and weaned on "Hollywood."

Somebody once said "there are no bad orchestras, only bad conductors." I will borrow from this and say, "there are no delinquent children, only delinquent parents."

F. Norman Joy
Gary, Indiana

Scapulars

Dear Editor,

A portion of Mary Carney's letter in the September *GRAIL* decided me to write of something I have long thought of doing. On making their First Communion children are usually enrolled in the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, but from what I see, I think it is considered a part of the ceremony and the scapular is often discarded with the veil or the white bow tie. I know of no cases where the scapular is worn after First Communion Day. It seems to me that this indicates a lack of training either in the school or the home or both. Could a crusade of "scapular wearing" be

started in our Catholic schools?

Respectfully

Miss Mary L. Caufield,
East Orange, N. J.

Editor: A splendid suggestion, no doubt agreeable to Our Lady.

Catholic Example

Dear Editor,

It used to be easy to resist the temptation to write to newspapers and magazines. But V-E Day has loosed an ideological boa constrictor and I find myself caught in his coils.

On the jacket blurb of *Something of a Hero* George Santayana says: "To make a success of democracy the average citizen needs to be something of a saint and something of a hero." He probably means a political hero, as a saint is a hero anyhow. Beginning, then, with fundamentals—the child, the family, the community—Mary Fabyan Windeatt is as much a gift of God to harassed mankind as the saints of Lisieux and Fatima she writes about; while Gedge Harmon in the same kind of divine simplicity in her drawings magnetizes the lovable majesty and dignity of the human image of God.

What has been so well said in *THE GRAIL* about the U.S.A. being much slower in achieving literary grown-upness than political independence would seem to apply also to the spiritual field. Subjects for canonization have been either converts or naturalized foreign-born. What answer can we give our non-Catholic friends who say: "If the Church claims to have all the Truth, then why couldn't even a handful of Catholics transform the morals of a big Protestant country as the twelve Apostles did the powerful pagan world? Instead we are seen to ride along with the general tide of corruption so that now the only safe topic of conversation is sex talk. Why in the two or three hundred years weren't there found at least twelve with enough spiritual fire and Divine Love to improve the national tone instead of otherwise? And what about Catholic countries like Italy, France, and Spain?—What to answer instead of running away? Human nature being what

it is, then, if Catholic countries had been more *intolerant* instead of finding leadership only in every variety of religious dissident, the whole world would have been better off.

Though Catholic Poland was the bulwark of the best in civilization in the East of Europe, and Spain in the West, the fierceness of the out-moded, die-hard, atavistic Nordic gods could only be outwitted by infiltration in England of aggressive Teutonic blood with the coming of William of Orange, and even something of Brooklyn glamour through Jennie Jerome. But now as the last remnants of a no-longer "merrie Englands" ancient heritage of Faith is eaten up by the fungus of heresy, so also is her strength and greatness ebbing into lifeless torpor. It has been said that only five percent of the English now attend church.

.Veronica Prince
New York, N. Y.

Editor's Note: Bravo! The Most Reverend James A. Griffin, D.D., of Springfield, Illinois, gave a practical demonstration when, according to news dispatches of October 2, 1945, he demanded a profession of faith of the proposed President of Illinois University, after that candidate had made some allegedly unchristian remarks about religious people.

Holding Our Own

Dear Editor,

Entering "The Garrick" shortly after noon on a recent Thursday my sister and I found a packed house and were glad to accept separate seats wherever we could find them. There is a deep significance in this response of the public to a superbly dramatic presentation of a profoundly religious theme, "The Song of Bernadette."

That interest in the religious idea, pro and con, is on the upsurge today no one can deny. It would seem that an emotionally distracted world is turning for solace and strength to that age-old Comforter, Almighty God. The "Youth for Christ" movement has had wide publicity; Christian Science advertises its wares in the public press; Spiritists and fakirs attract an enormous following

of doubters who are seeking proof of a life beyond the grave, while sociologists tell us we must get back to the basic ideas of Christian morality, or else...

At the recent meeting of the Pastors Institute at the University of Chicago, Prof. Bernard E. Meland, who made the opening address, declared that Science has insulated the world from its heritage of accumulated wisdom, and warns Christians that *"they must cut in between practical realism and impractical idealism to seize upon those insights which bring human reasoning, human planning and human hopes into accord with what is shaping the spirit of the age."*

Prof. Meland is off on the wrong foot. The influence which is trying to shape the spirit of our age is an impractical realism that places its entire dependence on human reason, human intelligence, and the mistaken idea that might makes right. What we need today is practical idealism—an idealism that can comprehend and co-operate with that immutable power Christians recognize as the Providence of God. Before man was created Almighty God made all the Laws. He has never repealed them. Not only is Prof. Meland out of step, but the Pastors in planning their agenda, placed the cart before the horse. In a religious program theology, not science, should have sounded the key-note. While science has marvelous achievements to its credit both constructive and destructive, science has never created anything, not so much as a drop of water or a grain of sand.

Belief in the divinity of Christ and the redemptive power of His Sacrifice on Calvary is a sticking point with many who call themselves Christians. They tell me frankly, even pityingly, that Christ was an idealist, perhaps the most perfect man who ever lived, but that He was weak, effeminate, otherwise He would never have submitted to Crucifixion. Elbert Hubbard has been quoted as saying that he was equal to Jesus. But when the Titanic went down in mid-ocean no one saw Elbert walking on the water. Locked in his stateroom he went to his

The Singer of the Song

Jack Kearns

IN OLD PRAHA, washed by the Vltava, the cry of a son broke the night-silence in the home of the Werfels.

It was the best of times; it was the worst of times. In the sunshine the boy played with children who, grown, would witness chaos.

It was a morning of peace. No diviner foresaw blood at Sarajevo; no augur warned of swarms of fylfots devouring Europa.

Whistling *Good King Wenceslas* look'd out On the Feast of Stephen, Franz ran to the Volkschule with his books and eagerly answered the questions.

Books he loved, books that fed heart-hunger, giving substance, not shadow.

Praha—people and streets—was close to his soul, and all Bohemia's beauty was his as he listened to Smetana's *Maldau*.

Like David he had music on his lips—he filled his copy books with poems. That, said his sire, was foolishness.

In the Gymnasium and the Universitaet he, scion of Shem, mastered High German. They could make it as high as the sky.

Suddenly *Havoc!* was shouted, and the dogs of Mars broke loose. Osterreich toppled into the imbroglio.

The peaceable boy bore arms. On the Eastern front he saw the blood of Muscovites stain the snow.

It was a weary time till Versailles, a weary time, a weary time.

Wien, a widow sitting beside the tired Donau, gave Franz a home. There he could sing his songs, though the world was in no mood for song.

But the world hearkened, for the songs he forged in his heart breathed life, and so many living things had been slain.

The critics wrote, Werfel is hard to read, but his roots are an oak's.

The *World Friend* was gnarled poetry; yet 4,000 copies were bought by men seeking life's meaning.

His words marched to the music of art. But of import far greater: Franz knocked over false icons men worshipped and looked up to Heaven for light.

Of Giuseppe Verdi, maker of melody, he told the story. In far-off America this book was printed—his first in a New World.

Eyes read and would read *The Pure in Heart, Class Reunion, Harken Unto the Voice, Twilight of the World, Embezzled Heaven*.

The curtain would rise for *Paulus Among the Jews, The Mirror Man, The Kingdom of God in Bohemia*.

But more eyes would grow hot over *Musa Dagb* and the sorrows of Minni, sung by Franz with a knife in his heart.

With all his soul Werfel hated persecution, barbarism, paganism. He pointed to *The Eternal Road*.

I have tried, he said, to bring out the truth, the tolerance, the love and by all means the culture that is contained in the Bible.

The shaggy lion of Wien who said this dozed in on eburnean penthouse.

Listening, he heard the hiss of the snake. He cried out, There are no supermen—we are all children of God—and Nazldom is a pestilence!

At Salzburg his books were burned. With a heavy black crayon they wrote his name.

To Paris then he fled ere goose-stepping wrath came down with its iron heel.

But the City of Light was soon quenched.

Before the hounds Franz and his wife fled for their lives. The London wireless said, Werfel has fallen into Nazi claws, perhaps has been liquidated.

Silence like death closed over them. Safe in Marseille for two months the refugees found a haven. But there was no ship for them.

Seeking to escape into Iberia, they met an impasse at Hendaye. Spies were thicker than flies.

Would the hounds catch their quarry? The underground, the maqui said no. God said NO.

To a little town in the Pyrenees Providence guided their steps. Bernadette was there and the beautiful Lady. Would they not give succor?

Succor they gave and much more—a glorious vision such as Franz' eyes had never beheld.

Here was a song for Solomon—a song, Franz promised with grateful heart, he would sing as well as he could if he ever got out alive.

Oh, that the world might see the Soubirous girl at Massabielle! Oh, that the world might learn of such spiritual beauty!

Struck by such lightnings, Franz almost forgot the peril of death and the hounds that were dogging their footsteps.

But the hour of escape had struck. Over the border the underground smuggled the pilgrims.

Footworn, they reached Barcino. Thence by God's free air they flew to Lisboa.

In Lusitania *Nea Hellas*, seagoing vessel, was ready to bring exiles from many lands to breathe the freedom of America.

True to his vow, Franz grasped his pen and quickly wrote on his tablets the music his soul had heard in Lourdes.

Who would hearken to such a song? It was an old-fangled tale. It was madness to write of a stupid girl who thought she saw a strange Lady in a grotto where refuse was thrown.

But such harmonious madness from his lips would flow the world would listen!

Never before had Franz' art soared to such stratospheres empyrean; yet never was his voice more humble, more childlike.

Touched, we read; touched, we, grown to more millions, saw the song sung in meaningful pictures.

Franz' faith in the spirit, his faith in humanity tried by fire, had guerdons.

Stilled is the Singer's voice, but not the Song that he sang—his *Ave Maria!*

death like a trapped rat. Some even go so far as to say we have no proof that such a person as Christ ever lived. Adolf Hitler circulated the report that the Christian religion was a myth put over by the Apostle Paul and four hundred of his followers. While such persons as these have no standing in the intellectual world, they nevertheless attract a following of simple minded folk, persons of small mental caliber, who accept such utterances as truth and shape their conduct accordingly. These are the persons who stir up discord and sow the seeds of hate.

We Catholics would be unaware of many of the libelous rumors circulated against us were it not for the fact that they are reported back to us, with elaborate corrections, by our own religious publications. The distress we experience over these evil rumors is in no wise consoled by the almost certain knowledge that such corrections rarely if ever meet the eye of the person whose imagination has been fired by vicious inaccuracies or downright falsehood. We call this *propaganda*. It is an insult to American intelligence and an injustice to the English language to put such a curse on a proud word that in its original use stood for the dissemination of truth.

Whether we believe it or not, whether we know it or not, whether we understand it or not, whether we like it or not, TRUTH exists as an objective reality. Though we never hear it stressed, this is the teaching of our Church—the Church founded by our Lord and Savior, the one Church that takes Almighty God at His Word and stands by her guns. She alone holds the treasury of Truth, the knowledge of God brought down to human consciousness through the mind and brain of Him who was both God and Man.

Speaking for the laity I feel that we Catholics are spiritually and intellectually adolescents, just out of childhood and on our way, but with only a vague idea of where we are going. While we are proud to know that many of the intellectuals of our time are finding their way into the Church, we are rather apathetic over the fact that for every convert

(Continued on page 352)



First U. S. Army Pilgrimage to Lourdes, July 24, 25, 1945—Lacaze Photo

Dear Sister Jean:

You'd never think the little statue there on the board altar in this tent chapel (Camp Brooklyn, Assembly Area Command, France), had such a story back of it. She is our Lady

of the Rosary—pure white but for a delicate blue girdle, on her lips a wistful smile, a gold rose on each foot.

I bought the little French-made Beauty on a day pass into Paris two weeks ago—found her in a corner

of an art shop on the Seine across from Notre Dame. That was the day after my C.O. informed me I had been granted one of the rare week passes to Lourdes, sponsored by the French Government. I acquired the statue for this particular

Lourdes—Window of Heaven

Paul Wilhelm

chapel as a sort of "Thank You" to our Lady.

Three days later at Lourdes, I witnessed hundreds of miracles—not ones you could see, but miracles nevertheless—happening to battle-hardened soldiers' hearts. Olive-drab uniformed enlisted men down on their knees, some with arms outstretched like hundreds of civilian pilgrims about them, tears coursing down wondering, self-conscious but illumined faces.

Back at the hotel, on the moon-bathed terrace overlooking the spires of her Shrine and beyond, the blue Pyrenees, I think we all realized our lives could never be the same. Something intangible—something beautiful and good—something you could not name nor put your finger on—had mysteriously entered our lives. As we talked, some would ask, "Do you fellows believe she is there—I mean, really there . . . ?" Another, "Have you ever felt such a power before that seems to—suffocate the heart?" And another, "Did you get that expectant frightful feeling in that sudden quiet tonight when those bells began ringing high up in the Basilica that she was suddenly to appear before us?"

A tough looking Sergeant, veteran of the Ardennes, Hurtgen Forest: "I believe I could be happy here always," he added. There was a dream in his voice. "It's like a Window to Heaven." But most of the fellows didn't even feel like talking.

We were all Army—Infantrymen, Engineers—right down the line—trained to deal with the material things of life. Yet, at the Grotto, we all became as little children at the feet of Mary.

This doesn't mean the men turned soft or sprouted wings overnight. But it did mean that in the vicinity of the Grotto the routine, harshness and loneliness of Army life became inconsequential, a fresh perspective

Leaves from a soldier's letter to his sister, Sister M. Jean, who found something special about Our Lady of the Rosary in the Grotto at Lourdes.

was gained, and a renunciation of the old way of thinking, and living. For the enlisted men are rediscovering at Lourdes the first and most enduring secret of happiness—a childlike NEED for Mary.

And I think you will agree if you left the quiet of this tent chapel with the two-by-four altar on top of which sits the Beautiful Lady and came down to Lourdes with me on an Army pilgrimage . . .

The train came to a slow halt. In the cool Pyrenees evening we gather about our Chaplain, on the Lourdes station platform. He speaks in a quiet manner: "I am saying this for those Protestant and Jewish boys who have been sent here on furlough and for you Catholics who are not familiar with the story.

"The town you see below you surrounded by those green peaks is the world's most celebrated place of pilgrimage. To us Catholics it is a life-time dream to visit here.

"On the 11th of February, 1858, a poor, wrapt shepherdess, Bernadette Soubirous, knelt before a grotto. The Virgin appeared to her, and speaking in her provincial dialect, said, 'I am the Immaculate Conception,' and ordered the building of a basilica. A spring gushed forth at the base of the grotto. The miraculous spring does more than cure: it brings back to life. A living sea at once beset Lourdes. Today, never-ending streams of pilgrims flock to the blessed grotto.

"It is not compulsory for any of you to attend service. But for all of you, let me quote an apt preface on your first visit here: 'For you who believe, no explanation is necessary;

for you who do not believe, no explanation is possible.'"

Here in my room in this high mountain town I sit at a little table and write to you, Sister Jean. Through the door I can look out at the blue peaks of the Pyrenees.

It was solely by good fortune that I got this room. The walk from the train was a long one through narrow winding streets, filled with interesting shop windows. My steps lagged behind the other fellows—particularly up the last two flights of hotel stairs! When I reached the fourth flight the maid said, "Only one, Monsieur?" I nodded, and she directed me left to a large bedroom off of which was a cool verandah. From a six man tent, life suddenly became spacious, full of solitude.

The room contains a double bed, a bureau, two chairs, a basin with hot and cold running water. There are no pictures on the walls, but beside the bed hangs a golden crucifix.

Evening has come—and gone. We walk down the dark Rue de la Grotte, past the wrought iron gate, through the gardens, around the Chapel of the Rosary. It is our first sight of the Grotto. Illuminated by thousands of candles, with stars glimmering and the warm night air full of fragrance, the Grotto is like a fairyland. We kneel before the altar. Above us, in her rocky niche, the figure of Mary of the Rosary seems alive. It has the feel of home here—your favorite room at home. I relax and close my eyes.

When I open my eyes I see that most of the pilgrims have gone. Some of the soldiers are kneeling closer—right inside the Grotto. I join them. Rosaries slip quietly through our fingers.

I'm a little awkward and shy before the Grotto. I feel unprepared for this new exhilaration—this compelling sense of peace . . .

* * *

Dear Sister, before sun-up your presence is here with me at this blessed spot—as though you say the Rosary beside me in her Grotto Home. Since we left Australitz Station in Paris three days ago, we have been through many interesting old cities, Lamoges, Toulouse, and seen old Chateaux, but your letter has been close—in my left hand shirt pocket.

I do not know why I was chosen for this trip to Lourdes. Unless—like other soldiers I have talked to—it was that I needed it—for we had become openly rebellious—brought about by physical and mental exhaustion. In this European Theater we acquired five campaign stars the hard way. Now, headed for a tougher Theater with no home furlough, seemed beyond human endurance.

Here before the Grotto I have re-read your letter. The first lesson comes slowly, although you teach it

to me as only a child of Mary can: "The Pacific may be all wrong, my dear brother, and I am the first to cry out in justice's name to let all of you come home, but brother, right or wrong, God is permitting it—He permits things to happen and brings good out of them—'permits'—but does not always WILL the thing. It is for us to submit, humbly! (Ah, how easy it is for me to sit here comfortably in California and write these hard lines!) Dear brother, Our Lady was told in the cold of winter 'when Her time was near' that she should make an eighty mile journey on foot through hill country. She a woman. St. Joseph was told to take her to Jerusalem. What did they do? How did they answer the 'rebellious' questions of their neighbors—the warnings of danger? And what was God's design for them? Why did He permit the census to be taken just at that time? God had His designs—Jesus was to be born

in a stable in Bethlehem—all else was permitted for this ONE purpose. Mary and Joseph knew that ALL authority comes from above—and they saw God and His Will in the gruff soldier who banged on their door to announce the news... I can only try to help you to become resigned though I know by now your heart has been conquered 'ere this letter reaches you..."

Talking to an old priest of Lourdes here in town I found that Lourdes derived its name from a Moor who became a Christian under Mary, Mother of God.

There rises, in the center of Lourdes, an abrupt hill on top of which the early Romans built an impregnable rock fortress. Centuries later the invading Moors swept into France through the Pass of Roland south of Lourdes in the Pyrenees. They gained ground as far north as



AFTER THE FUNERAL



"Salome ... bought spices."
St. Mark 16:1.

WHEN the coffin has been lowered into the grave the grief-choked farewell of the bereaved is expressed in the words on the silken band on the floral offering—"REST IN PEACE." It is at this stage that Salome joins the mourners, for her name means "Peace." She has "bought sweet spices" with which to assuage the grief and wounded hearts of the sorrowing. She is present not only when the body of a loved one is consigned to its earthly resting place, but especially when a *good name* has suffered the same fate. The dead body of the loved one cannot be brought back to life by human skill, but a good name *must be restored* to its bereaved owner. Whether justly lost or unjustly killed by an unbridled tongue, there is no more pleasing act than to give to its widow the spark of hope that will be the beginning of a new, good reputation. To know that someone cares has led many a despairing soul from the precipice of despair and suicide, hence from temporal and eternal ruin, into the loving arms of a forgiving Father, and to a new life of heroic virtue—a glorious resurrection.

Salome saw the Savior die in shame and disgrace, a condemned criminal. But her faith was not shaken nor her love cooled by the injustice of men. Faith saw the Son of God die on the Cross; love caused her to come with sweet spices on Easter morning to embalm His lifeless body. What joy to be told by the heavenly messenger that the mortal body of her Beloved has now put on glorious immortality, and to be entrusted with this joyful message to the doubting, terrified Apostles.

Lyons, before being stopped by Charles Martell. Then Charlemagne took up the fight. Of all the fortresses that held out against Charlemagne's armies, this one at Lourdes was the last to succumb. In the hands of a stubborn Moor, it withstood a twelve month siege.

At last, distraught, Charlemagne sent a priest who converted the Moor in the name of Mary, Mother of God. At his surrender and baptism he took the name of Laurens, from whence comes Lourdes. It is said that at his First Communion he remarked, "I have surrendered not to Charlemagne, but to Mary, Mother of God ..."

Early this afternoon my Baptist doorway friend asked through the hospital, "Could we visit the hospital? After what I felt during the Stations this morning I would like to see statistics on 'cures' here in Lourdes."

Here at the hospital the old doctor-priest is very kind. We have thumbred records dating back seventy years. We find that an average of one hundred authentic cures take place each year—that is, supernatural cures—healings that are proven to be miracles through Faith and Prayer. "This does not include nervous cases," the doctor explains, "as they cannot be proven."

"Where," my friend asked, changing the subject, "is Bernadette buried?"

"At Orleans, at the Carmelite Convent there."

"How long ago," my friend persisted, "was Bernadette made a saint?"

"She was beatified 30 years ago, at which time her body was examined. It was found to be, 30 years after her death, in perfect preservation. Her limbs were as flexible as if she were alive, and her skin as smooth as if she were but sleeping."

My friend looked at me with a sly glance. "Now the only bone of contention I have is that, as a non-

Catholic, I think you Catholics pray too fast."

My verandah has become the gathering point for my comrades. It is midnight. From the verandah, high over the sleeping town, we gaze through yellow moonlight sifting down through the haze of the Pyrenees. The talk is very quiet, like the night. But the peace in our hearts is tremendous.

It seems as though our Lord in admirable delicacy reserves to those who follow Mary a cup running over, so that they can draw others to God. For like a Mother she counsels that nothing is necessary but to love Her Son.

It is here at the Grotto that she fills the cup, it is here by sunlight, moonlight, starlight, wind and rain that she comes to the sad heart, the lonely heart.

High up, beside the Basilica walls, the swallows sing her praise. Even the river seems to murmur her name. There is a whisper in the night. I smell the fragrance of flowers, the scent of herbs.

A rosary slips through my fingers. One by one the candles are extinguished. At last, only a few votive lights cast a glow into the Grotto. "Hail Mary, full of Grace ..." the prayers drop like petals, through fingers used to the feel of rifle steel, a pack; and the lonely dumb sort of feeling in the heart of a soldier, far from home.

Here in this midnight peace, here, alone below our Lady in the faintly illumined niche, a resignation, a new beginning. And into the moon-washed night, into the silence, there comes a Presence. Not an intoxication, but a pure Presence. Yet even more. A flowing, living Substance exalting the hush of this sacred spot. And in that hush I speak my prayer ...

Not with a rush of wings nor as wind over waste places, but as a whisper in the dark, as an illumination of Infinite Love does she come. I close my eyes, engulfed in her

Heart—a life that was lost, but now found, at the rose-covered feet of Mary ...

So, Sister Jean, like thousands of other pilgrims from all over the world, the American Soldiers, when they experience Lourdes at last, feel they have come home, where their own Mother is waiting for them. And even though you do not see her as did Bernadette, still she smiles down, and the more sick and the more sad, the happier she is that you have come to the spring where comfort can be found. You can wash in her clean cool water, and drink of it, and then she takes you to her Son. Then it is as though you were back in the days when Our Lord lived in the Holy Land, and the great multitudes crowded around Him as He came out of His Mother's Home, and He healed them, and gave them comforting words, and looked into their eyes and forgave them their sins.

So now in the Grotto He is carried out of His Mother's little Grotto Home and all the pilgrims wait for Him to pass, the lame and the blind and the diseased and the sinners, and He goes by and blesses every one, while they cry out, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole." And to some with great love He does indeed say, "Be thou made whole." "Arise and walk," and they get up, rejoicing, and follow Him. But if He does not always heal, to every one He says, "Go in peace," and He takes away their sadness, for they seem to understand that He loves the sad and the sick best of all.

Like little children they go back to their Mother in the Grotto to be comforted and kissed, and they sing with her her own hymn, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior." For no one, not even a homesick soldier, ever goes away from Lourdes, the Window of Heaven, sad or disappointed.

Your brother,
Paul.



Grandmother Takes a Tour

by
Lelia de Benedetto

GRANDMOTHER CAREY had been sitting in the back of the St. Louis Cathedral for quite a while, watching the boy guides whose duty it was to meet visitors at the entrance of the famous old New Orleans church and take them on a whispered tour. Grandmother had taken the tour on three different occasions, for she never tired of hearing about the church and its history. But at the moment she had her attention focused on one of the young guides, who was wrapped in some particular gloomy problem of his own. The busybody in the tiny old lady was worked up.

No longer able to curb her curiosity, she went over to the boy. He was so absorbed in his depression he didn't even notice her until she spoke.

"Will you please show me around," she suggested softly.

Grandmother liked his eyes when he looked up at her, even though they were clouded with unhappiness, for they were honest and steady.

"We'll have to wait for more people," he muttered.

"That's all right," she agreed placidly, slipping into the pew beside him. And when he made no attempt to start a conversation, Grandmother—never one to sit back and calmly await developments—gave matters a far from gentle push. Her success as a concert pianist had been aided considerably by her dynamic personality, which was going into action on the listless boy.

"You ought to be a little more pleasant when

you take folks around this fine old church," she declared firmly. "Look at you—why, your chin's almost on your knees. It should be held up!"

He bit his lips and there was a quiver in his voice as he stammered, "Oh—I just get in people's way."

Grandmother snapped back, "Nonsense! If you'd cheer up the visitors would like you as much as the other guides..."

"I don't get in the way *here*," he interrupted. "It's at home. On account of me, my sister can't get married and go to live in South America with her husband, because she thinks I'd be unhappy down there and she's all the family I have. And she has to make up her mind before tomorrow evening to marry Clay, 'cause the plane leaves then and he has to be on it. So she won't go with him, and I'm to blame. She says she's gonna stick by me, no matter what! She *won't* take me away from school and all my friends."

Grandmother, studying the problem from a bystander's attitude, considered the sister a rather stubborn lass and one who apparently couldn't arrive at a happy medium. "Where is this sister of yours," she demanded.

"Janet runs a gift and souvenir shop right in Pirate's Alley, across from the garden back of the Cathedral." And he pointed vaguely in the direction of the Alley, where the shop was located a few yards away from the side of the church.

"I'm going to have a talk with Janet," Grand-

mother announced. "I'll come back as soon as I can, and don't you go away until I do!"

He nodded slowly. "I don't see what *you* can do," he muttered dubiously. "Besides, don't you want to tour the church and see the tombs near the altar?"

"Later," she promised and before he could object, she left the church.

It wasn't hard finding the shop in the Alley, and just as she was about to enter, she missed colliding with a tall, angry man who whirlwinded out. He barely made an apology for his haste before he rushed away, leaving Grandmother to collect her ruffled dignity as best she could.

The shop was deserted in the lull of the late afternoon, except for the girl who was behind the counter, staring with dull, unseeing eyes at what appeared to be a prospective customer.

Grandmother saw at a glance that there was no denying the relationship between the boy in the church and the girl, for both had a lot in common, in addition to being unhappy.

"Can I help you," the girl inquired tonelessly.

"Perhaps. Do you have any antique rings? Something in a ruby..." Grandmother stopped abruptly. The girl was crying silently, her tears falling unchecked on the counter. After a brief silence the old lady remarked, "I'm told that New Orleans is called 'the City that care forgot,' but all I meet here are very unhappy people!"

"Sorry," the girl responded, making a major effort to pull herself together. "But you mentioned rings, and that reminded me of a broken engagement."

"Did it have to be broken?"

The girl nodded. "I might as well unburden myself on you! I have a brother—and I'm all he has. I can't get married without considering him. It's impossible for me to pick him up and drop him in a foreign country, because it would change his life..."

"What about *yours*? If you can get accustomed to it, can't he?"

"But he's a *little* boy and he'd be homesick! I've watched over him for three years and I'm not going to let him down now! And Clay, my...the one I was to marry...is assigned to a job in South America. That's *his* big opportunity, so I couldn't ask him to give it up."

"Why not go with Clay and leave your brother here for the school term? He could spend vacations with you..."

"There's no place to leave him," sadly. "I must watch over him..."

"Stuff and nonsense!" Grandmother Carey exclaimed in annoyance. "Get hold of that young

man who almost knocked me down and tell him the deal's on! Tell him you're putting your brother in a boarding school until vacation, at which time you'll have him with you. Tell Clay there's no problem that can't be solved, especially one where love is concerned!"

"It won't work," the girl sighed. "We thought of that."

Grandmother really lost her temper. "You just don't *want* a solution. All you want to be is a martyr to your ridiculous cause. Well, go ahead! Make three people wretched. Put the skids under your own life!"

The girl's eyes narrowed with sudden anger. "I guess I have it coming to me for telling my business to a stranger! And you don't even mean well!"

"I mean a darn sight better than you do," Grandmother retorted hotly.

The girl gasped indignantly, "*Get out of here!*"

As Grandmother turned and left the shop, the humor of the situation made her grin. It was the first time in her long and illustrious career that she had been ousted from someplace! It always had been just the opposite!

Then she realized with a pang that she had succeeded in completely failing the little guide in the Cathedral. She was faced with the unpleasant duty of going back to him with the result of her fiasco. All she had done was insure the girl's obstinacy.

But at the moment she couldn't face the lad, so she went into the Jackson Square, right in front of the Cathedral. She just sat on a bench and stared at the equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson, until she could no longer put off the distasteful task of telling the boy what she had done.

Gone was her usual chipper attitude when she returned to the church. And the first thing she saw was the joyful face of the boy. He rushed up to her, hugging her impulsively, while Grandmother felt a lump growing in her throat. She'd have to tell him the bad news...that she had failed...

"You're super," he whispered. "Janet was here a while ago, and she's gonna put me in a boarding school, just like you suggested! Then I'm going to South America to be with her and Clay for the summer months. If I like it, and make friends, I'll go to school there. And if I don't, she'll send me back here! And you did it all! Janet said your words really hit home!"

He went on, "Janet told me to bring you back to the shop, so she can apologize—but first I'm gonna take you on a tour of the church. You're gonna get an extra special one!"

GONE WITH THE GRAPES

Sr. M. Marguerite, RSM

ONE begins to hear faint far echoes of it, and determines to pay no attention to it until the rush dies down. Alex Winchell has puffed the book; that makes it a sure-fire best seller. The Best-Seller Digest has rushed out a special edition. The reviews extol its originality, frankness, outstanding power. They even borrow motion-picture's phraseology and call it colossal, stupendous, and the at-last-we-have-it Book of the century. It is on the "must" list for all English Teachers, reporters, writers in the pseudo science field.

So at last you think you must read it. You go to the faculty library, and you are told superiorly that there are three copies, but they are lent only to certain persons, and *you* are not one of them. However, when all those on the preferred list have dipped into the ambrosian well, if perhaps you want to have your name put on the reserve list—but of course. . . . You go to the public library, and the librarian there faces you with a look of pity. First of all, where have you been that you have not read the book, and second, your name would be 38th on the list of reserves, and since the book has 1547 pages. . . .

Then you think: "Pouf! It is not so important; I can very well spend my life without reading it." So a friend who is a discerning critic says:

"I'm glad you are not reading it. It is vile."

But when you quote this opinion as a second-hand contribution to the discussion, you hear:

"Vile? What a nasty mind your friend has! Why, it is exquisite! Even Father So-and-so says that. Furthermore, the Institute for the Elevation of the Mind has put it first on the list for the month. In addition, Dr. Ever-so-skeptic has consented to discuss it in his next talk. Vile, indeed! Well, of course, it might be for the sixteen-year old mind, but great literature is not written for adolescents."

For the sake of having an opinion of your own, you decide you must get the book. A friend who has a copy of her own makes tremendous concessions and lets you read it before she sends it to Somebody Such, who is a very slow reader, and after all. . . .

Now comes along an acquaintance who sees you with it in your hand, and she says: "So you read all the latest literature!" and you are a little puffed up with this tribute to your progressiveness until you come across some so-called "purple passages" in the book, and you become a little ashamed

of the praise and of the possible scandal you have given her.

But you go on with the reading, feeling at each page that it has gotten so bad it cannot possibly get worse, and ergo must get better. Being bored, you turn to the last chapter to see if there is not some justification for all the horrors you have ploughed through, but you find the last chapter might as well have been the first, for all the solution or the outcome is concerned.

By this time, you are a little puzzled over the title, and you ask: "Why *Gone with the Grapes*? What have grapes to do with it, where did they go, and what went with them?"

The Woman of Far-superior Knowledge answers you: "Well, of course, the title is a quotation. It is not to be taken literally. There is a satiric under-stream of allegory in all his books."

But you happen to have enough information to be able to correct her—oh, presumptuous you!—and you say: "Is there, indeed? Well, this he is a her, and this is her first book."

Your companion covers her confusion by asking icily: "Really, are you sure of that?"

You think of *your* possible confusion, should you be proved wrong, and you answer acidly: "I certainly am; and you had better be sure of at least the sex of a book, before you go broadcasting about satiric under-stream."

The glacier-like retort buries you for at least a thousand years; "Well, I see you have read the book; it has influenced your language. You are aping the most degraded character in it."

When another asks your opinion, you say you think it is morbid, and the answer comes back: "But, you see, it is based on the French idea that all literature, to be real literature, must be '*une tranche de vie*' and evidently Mitchell Steinbeck thinks that life is like that."

"But my idea of a slice of life would be like a slice of pie: a sample of everything from the center to the rim. Merely to crowd in all the sorrow, vice, hatred that can possibly pop into one's imagination is not giving us a slice of life, but a layer—the lowest layer."

Time goes by, as it needs must, Best-sellers to the contrary notwithstanding. After a while, you begin to see lots of pitifully tattered copies of the book on the library shelves. Then there is a rumor of a movie to be made. Who will take the leading part? It is very difficult to find the proper actress

—or the actress improper enough. The whole world is searched. More publicity. More excitement. The whole grape-vine section is sought for reality and atmosphere. Grapes begin to be the dominant motif in all design. Grape-vine societies are formed.

The books disappear from the library shelves, but only for a little while. It is easier now to wait until the movie comes. Then that excitement dies down, too.

After a long time, you decide to write a poem. Such poems as "Puck to William Shakespeare," "What Faust said to Goethe," are becoming popular, so you plan a poem on what the hero would say to his author in "Gone with the Grapes." In order to verify a point, you get a copy of the book from the library. The copy is not only tattered, but spattered with food, drink, and traces of tobacco. *Une tranche de vie* indeed!

You send the poem—only a leading magazine (you think) would be worthy of it—but it comes back. Surprisingly there is a friendly note: the editor does not know what you are talking about, but if you care to submit poetry more in line with their policy. . . .

And now they tell you there is another book out that is a *sine qua non*. They say it is the greatest since *Gone With the Grapes*. You will wait until you see those forlorn rows of it on the library shelf, and you will try to get the cleanest of the copies to read.

Perhaps there is a remedy for this hectic gobbling of the newest and the latest—and that is to go back to the oldest. Taste and see how sweet can

be a discriminating perusal of the Scriptures, the Following of Christ, and the classics, either in the original or in translation. Never read any modern literature? Oh yes, read it with the discrimination given by this cultural background, and by a sane aspect of life.

Not all modern literature is trash; not every best-seller has only the pornographic as its main appeal. Writers of today may feel they have a specific mission—whether to enlighten the world, or to darken it; whether to encourage the human species, or to discourage it. But readers too may have a divine mission, and in all the dust-jacket blurbs, one little obvious fact is all too often overlooked: it is readers, not writers, that make best sellers.

Hence, therefore, you come to a few salutary conclusions: Instead of listening for the mournful tolling of the bell, you turn to welcome the spring, when the birds come back to Capistrano. Only God can make a tree, and He can make it grow elsewhere than in Brooklyn. Many things have *gone* with the wind, in Georgia and elsewhere; but the Holy Spirit *came* with the sound of a mighty wind. Wrath and discord may be grown with grapes in California, but peace and wisdom may be sown in the heart by meditation on the words of a best-seller producer who was inspired by the invitation: "You who have no money, come and buy":

"Here beneath these signs are hidden
Priceless things, to sense forbidden;
Signs, not things, are all we see,
Flesh from bread and blood from wine—
Yet is Christ in either sign
All entire, confessed to be."



"Questions which require a personal answer should be enclosed in self addressed envelope and mailed to Question Box—The Grail."

PRAYING THE SICK INTO HEAVEN

Is it wrong to ask God to call a sick person out of this world especially when one sees that there is no hope of the sick person ever getting well?—Iowa.

It would be no more wrong than to deprive a physically weak person of exercise that could develop his body; for suffering is the exercise which can develop the soul. If

bodily comfort and health were the highest good in this world, and bodily illness and pain the worst evil, you might feel justified in praying for God to take the sick and suffering out of this life. But since the highest good of a Christian is to become Christ-like, and his worst tragedy not to become so, then one should not take a Christian body down from its cross until God wills that "it is finished" and the

work of becoming Christ-like is complete. Not illness and pain, but rather the waste of it on millions of bodies and souls is the real tragedy which we should pray God to remove from the earth.

CHILDREN THE FRUIT OF MARRIED LIFE

If a man is married to a woman and she wishes not to have a child, but the man does, is it a sin for the

husband to force his wife into having a child?—Illinois.

Husband and wife may differ in regard to hundreds of trifles; she may like contract bridge, and he prefers poker; she likes afternoon teas while he would rather have beer and a dutch lunch; she likes mauve nighties, while hubby prefers to retire for the night in pok-a-dot blue pajamas. Their marriage will survive despite these petty differences; but their happy home is headed for the domestic rocks when husband and wife disagree seriously about the primary purpose of marriage, the begetting of children.

Children, the fruit of married love, should come into this world from a mutual desire of husband and wife to beget them, and not as the result of violence or force on the part of one of the partners. It is difficult to decide from your question just who is the guilty party here,

the wife for unreasonably refusing to yield to her husband, or the husband for uncharitably disregarding the wishes of his wife. But when the marital relations of husband and wife are no longer mutually shared, there is something seriously wrong with this marriage.

WHAT TO DO DURING A VISION

I've been told that while seeing a vision one should pray, or sprinkle holy water around, and if it is a true vision, it will remain. If it is a false vision it will immediately disappear. Is this right?—Iowa

It is wonderful to discover now and then a man or woman who is on more familiar terms with apparitions and visions than the average Catholic is with his father confessor. It is practical, however, to remember that God, in His Divine Wisdom, does not usually save men

and women by visions from heaven or from hell. Ordinarily you may expect all of your contacts with the supernatural world to take place through the medium of faith.

If, and when, God in His Wisdom sets aside the ordinary means of grace, and permits a messenger from the other world to appear to you, you may use holy water and prayer to test the spirits if they be from God. Holy water, because of the special blessing of the church has a special power against the devil and his frauds.

DIVORCEES AS SPONSORS AT BAPTISM

May a woman who was baptized and reared as a Catholic, married to a Catholic, and later divorced from him for being untrue to her, then later on married to another Catholic man while her first husband was still living, be a sponsor

WHO SAID THERE'S PEACE?

PEACE? Glorious peace in the world?

Not by a long shot.

Oh, I know, and am ever so thankful, that superficial peace is on the earth once again after so many, many years of strife. I know that the victors have ceased to gird for battle, and the vanquished have given up their arms more or less willingly. I know that the roar of the cannon has ceased and the sputter of the machine guns has ended and the bombs, atomic and otherwise, have, presently at least, spent their devastating force. The planes over the skies of warring nations pursue the air highways on missions of peace. The victors' battleships, with silent guns, divide the waters of the seven seas in quest of peace.

The blood of soldiers of all nations is happy now, for it can fulfill its God-given mission of flowing freely through their veins without fear of emptying into the bowels of the earth.

I know all this, I say, but peace? Not yet.

Men ask for and desire revenge.

Men are bitter. Men still hate. These dispositions are the very opposite of true, abiding peace.

Peace does not mean just a cessation of hostilities. Peace does not mean just sitting around a conference table and signing documents ending those hostilities.

Just because we as a nation and as individuals are returning to pre-war occupations with freedom from rationing and government bureaucratic interference in our daily lives does not mean we have peace. No indeed. Peace, and the pursuits of peace, are far from being the same thing.

I think that many of you readers feel, as I do, that the so-called peace now being enjoyed by the world is a precarious peace, one that has hardly learned a sense of balance and, like the little child, can topple over most any time. And you are right, too. Why?

You know that a mere sweep of the pen across a dotted line in a surrender document cannot restore peace to men. But a sweep of the Finger of God across the hearts of

men will bring with it a peace that only God can give, and of which a pagan world knows nothing.

And the people in the world haven't real peace in their hard hearts. They are bitter with the loss of life or limb or worldly possessions either of themselves or of those near and dear to them. The enemy is hated from the bottom-most depths of their inner being. Mercy, they refuse to bestow. Hate and revenge they clamor for.

Remember Mary the Mother of God standing tearfully at the foot of the Cross on Calvary? We, you and I, took her only Son and scourged Him cruelly, crowning Him with a crown of thorns, mocking Him, spitting on Him. We, you and I, dragged Him through the streets to the jeering and buffeting of the rest of our family and our friends, finally nailing Him to a criminal's Cross. Not satisfied with all this, we drew from Him even His very last drop of Blood until nothing remained in His mangled body but a little water.

I say again, we did this to Him, Mary's Son. You did it, and I did

**for a baby born to Catholic parents?
—Michigan.**

The laws of the Catholic Church exclude the following persons from acting as sponsors at baptism of Catholics: 1) children under fourteen years of age unless the priest rules differently; 2) all persons who are not of the Catholic faith, i.e., Jews, Protestants, and pagans; 3) non-practicing Catholics who no longer go to church, or are excluded from the sacraments because of an invalid marriage or excommunication; 4) public and notorious sinners; 5) Catholics who are ignorant of the principal doctrines of the Catholic faith unless they promise to become instructed therein; 6) members of religious orders and those clergy in sacred orders unless with the express permission of the religious superior or bishop; 7) the parents or married partners of the person to be baptized.

The persons mentioned here are excluded from sponsorship at Catholic baptism for serious reasons; religious and priests are excluded because their own state of life would interfere with their duties as sponsors; non-Catholics are excluded because they are incapable of fulfilling a sponsor's duties; excommunicated and non-practicing Catholics are excluded because they are unworthy of the honor until they themselves return to the practice of the Catholic faith. In the light of these principles neither the Catholic woman who has contracted the invalid marriage nor her second husband may act as sponsors at Catholic baptism.

**ONE SACRAMENT A PRIEST
CAN'T ADMINISTER**

What sacrament can a priest not receive?—Oklahoma City.

I think that you are referring to the sacrament of matrimony. The

Roman Catholic priest can neither receive nor administer the sacrament of matrimony; for this is by privilege the special sacrament of the laity, and only a layman or laywoman may receive and administer this sacrament to one another. The Catholic priest is only the Church's official witness at a Catholic marriage.

**HOLY COMMUNION AND
DIVORCED PERSONS**

May a divorced Catholic man or woman receive Holy Communion?—Indiana.

If a Catholic has beforehand obtained permission of the bishop for a divorce, or if a Catholic who has obtained a divorce without the bishop's permission be later reconciled to the Church, he may receive Holy Communion. Care should be taken in both of these cases to avoid scandal.

WILLIAM W. BUECHEL

it, let's not mistake it. You are the criminal, and I am standing there with you.

Did His Mother Mary fill her heart with bitterness? Did she hate us because of our treachery? Did she demand from the Most High a revenge which certainly we deserved?

Bless her, she did not. Had she acted then the way we are acting now under circumstances much the same, we would all of us be flung headlong into hell. But no. Instead we have the beautiful promise of redemption and salvation, and an eternity of happiness with her and her Son in Heaven. She, a creature like you and me, had real peace in her heart of hearts. Contemplating her, can we afford to be any less a creature?

We have as much peace in the world today as the individual man has peace in his heart. If man would really believe with more than mere lip service in the Brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God then, and only then, would peace reign triumphantly and permanent-

ly on the earth.

This dumps the whole problem of world peace directly on the doorstep of the Catholic Church and the individual members of that divine organization. For where in the world today is there just such a Church that embraces all men as brothers and sisters in Christ? White and black and yellow and red and brown, they are all the same when fondled in the arms of Mother Church.

Individually, Catholics have the duty and the obligation to contribute to world peace by a zealous activity in Catholic Action that will bring to a starving world the Bread of Life. Who can gainsay that wars of hatred will end and peace reign permanently on the earth as soon as all men are Catholic in spirit as well as fact? Conversion to the Catholic Faith is the biggest and most powerful weapon to be used in slaying the terrifying giant Mars. Convert enough individuals to the spirit of the Catholic Church and wars and hatred and revenge will vanish from the face of the earth.

In this relation, what form of Catholic Action would be more appropriate than that of the Catholic Missions, both those at home and on foreign soil? The whole world is our mission field. Some of us may lean to supporting our home missions while others may aid other fields in China, Japan, Korea, Africa—anywhere, everywhere. Especially now should we make use of the splendid opportunity of aiding Japan and Germany in this way. They were the warlike nations of this generation. Let this generation of Catholics skillfully turn them to peace through Christ and His Church.

The time is short, make sure of it, and we must prepare ourselves for invasions of both Germany and Japan with the truth of Christ. Already signs are accumulating that the heretic religions are ready to pounce upon the Germans and the Japanese with their false doctrines. Can we be any less zealous—we who have in our possession the Truth of Christ and the True Church of Christ?

Barbershop Loses Harmony; Owner Tried On 17 Charges

Cornelius (Willie) Green, wound up in Municipal Court, Room 3, yesterday afternoon with 17 assorted charges against him, establishing what is believed to be an all-time record.

Police said that he is their No. 1 headache.

"I don't see," said Special Judge George Dailey, as he found Green guilty of nine charges, with fines totaling \$85 plus costs and 90 days on the state farm, "how any one man could possibly

get into all the trouble you've gotten into, and still be to blame for none of it, as you say."

Admits 48 Previous Arrests

Green, 52 years old, was defended by Clyde C. Karrer, with Deputy Prosecutor Merle Calvert in the opposite corner. Admitting that he'd been arrested 48 times previously, in addition to the present 17, he said he couldn't imagine why the police said the things about him that they did say. As for the numerous crowds of which he so frequently found himself the animated center, he said that it was a known fact that in the part of town where

he lives the very sight of a patrol wagon, or of a policeman so much as slowing up while patrolling his beat, would instantly attract a gaping throng. He'd been shot in the foot, too, he said, and if he kicked at a police officer, it was only because of a sort of reflex action. One affair that developed into a truly magnificent brawl on West Washington Street, all started when he tried to show a little hospitality to a cousin in the armed forces, just back from overseas. As for chasing the woman down the street, she had just been a casual visitor at the barber shop, accompanying a customer, and decided to leave.

"T'ain't Funny, M'Gee"

Arnold White

FUNNY, isn't it? It's from our local paper. Funny enough to make you cry.

It doesn't have to say in so many words that the hero of this little story is a colored man. The patronizing tongue-in-cheek tone of the tale tells that. Not many persons could state that they were arrested 48 plus 17 times and this is the first time he got "stuck" with a farm sentence.

In our town there are hundreds of reputable colored citizens: doctors, lawyers, officers, social workers, teachers, just plain good citizens and humanitarians. One of our earliest pioneers in the work of social disease prevention was a local colored doctor now old in the service of humanity. On his own time, with no monetary consideration, this doctor treated, prevented the spread of these plagues long before our papers were flaunting the forwardness of modern white physicians who "put the nasty word right into public print!!!"—who took away the whispering and the shame and thereby cured (question!!) the diseases and the causes!

Colored citizens like this doctor walk the way of respected citizenry. They guide their people.

They draw unto themselves the admiration of the Caucasians in whose midst they work. They reflect upon their colored brethren the glory of their own dignity, intellect, and character. They wait patiently for—justice.

Yet find an article in our local paper about one of these! If anywhere, 'tis buried amid the columns lost far inside. You'll not see such an article flaunted across the front page like the one above quoted.

Thus the casual observer who knows only what he reads in the papers, or what he picks up from casual—sometimes prejudiced—conversation, forms an opinion of an entire people from this funny-story hero!

What would you do with this hero, Cornelius "Willie" Green? Make an example of him? Shoot him? Put him away for life? Heavens! Of course that's not the answer. Neither he—nor any citizen—should ever be punished out of keeping with his malfeasance. But—could any citizen have 48 arrests against him with no incarcerations and believe the law means business? How could this man be expected to obey the law? It has never

been enforced so far as he is concerned! Why now the avalanche of offenses in such quick succession that 17 pile up before one is tried? Doubtless all 17 were expected to have been dropped casually. This man was probably the most offended man in all the county when he was made to serve time for one of those 17! And he was justified. Never in all his long—lifelong—experience with the law had he been asked to answer in proportion to his offense as another man is asked. Why, now?

Actually the sentence was extremely light under the circumstances. The same court has frequently sentenced far more heavily for any single one of the listed offenses.

Here we have an example of paternalism practiced upon our defenseless colored citizens. It is not welcomed, though accepted readily enough, by the element represented by the Greens. It reflects badly upon the entire community, including us Caucasians who are a party to it by our passive attitude. But especially it crucifies those colored citizens who are themselves living lawfully and are trying to guide their fellows to do likewise. Respected colored citizens, by reason of our "unconscious" segregation, are forced to live among the Greens. Can their lives be smooth and law-abiding under such conditions? Those who walk unarmed are often in danger of their lives.

Tucked, unnoticed, away in the funny news item is a salient fact: "outside of the police, none of the witnesses showed up." These people have

learned not to depend upon the white man's law. They do not bear witness. They settle their disputes by what justice their ethics accept. Why? Because men like Green "get by."

Forced by necessity to take the law unto himself, will the colored man some day finally do so in defense against a Caucasian? If so—watch the headlines THEN! Yet we Caucasians are a party to their need for this law by self-defense. We accept it. We don't have to and should not. Law is law for all citizens, regardless of race, sex, color or creed.

But here's how the law works. Dr. Soandso instructs his patient to do exactly as he says, treats him, perhaps finds him a reputable job, and starts him on the road to being a good citizen. This patient, in trying to follow the hard way, is belittled by—say, Cornelius Green or one of Green's satellites. Examining the record, this patient finds that the white justices do not look with equal severity upon colored indiscretions as upon the white man's. It is considered a holiday in court when a knock-down drag-out knifing case is before court, as a result of colored people taking the law into their own hands. Testimony is so obviously enjoyed by attachés that plaintiffs and complainants are tempted to enlarge upon the story for the amusement of the white justice—thereafter to deal with the interrupted battle in accordance with the original plan! Living in adultery is smilingly condoned, as though nobody expects the Negro to have

Mission Intention for the Month of November

Missionary Works Among Educated Mohammedans

The sleeping giant of Islam has been aroused from his lethargy of centuries. The spirit of self-determination and particularly self-expression has come to the fore. Contact with western civilization as a result of World War I has been increased one hundred percent since that time. No longer is the Moslem father satisfied that his son be taught the truths of the Koran by the simple teachers in the mosques. Higher education, particularly since Turkey's emancipation, beckons as the beacon to light the way to the achievement of a desired place in world affairs.

It is because the Holy See is so deeply cognizant of this trend of events that she has recommended to the prayers of the faithful during the month of November the missionary works of the Church among educated Mohammedans. She realizes that the continuation and expansion of such works will need the prayerful support of our Catholic people, as well as their material aid.

It must be remembered that Russia is viewing with renewed interest the reawakening of Moslem interest in world affairs. This will mean that Communistic tendencies will undoubtedly find a way into all educational programs in which there is a linking of interest between Russia and Islam. British interests are also concerned with the future of the followers of the Prophet. She has wide interests in the Near East, in northern Africa and, while the Catholic elements in England are among the most loyal in the world, the recent elections have proved that there is a definite trend to the left in addition to the strong Protestant missionary activity from that country.

Our Lady of the Eucharist

Dear Lady of the Sacred Host,
Our "nature's solitary boast,"
Pure temple of the Holy Ghost,
Maria!

Of purity, the crystal shrine,
Thou Mother of our God Divine,
But, too, sweet Mother, thou art mine,
Maria!

Fair Lady of the Eucharist,
Enshrining Love as in a mist,
Unto thy client fondly list,
Maria!

Receive me, Mother, as thy child,
And make me humble, meek, and mild,
Preserve me chaste and undefiled.
Maria!

With meek and contrite love adorn
This stony heart of mine; each morn
May I receive thy Son new-born,
Maria!

Sister M. Frederica, O.S.B.

a sense of morality. Unestablished parenthood of innocent childhood draws heavenward-raised eyes and a smile hidden behind a hand, with how many thoughts for the future of this, tomorrow's citizen?

"They're illiterate." "They're ignorant." They're like children." These are the reasons we accept! Here are the excuses for our base administration of law with relation to our colored brethren!

Okay, is it true what they say of the Negro? If they are illiterate or ignorant, we Caucasians are to blame, for by our majority vote we make the laws and control the schooling more than they.

We enforce the law. We hire the teachers and build the schools. It is our job to see that all schools, for all citizens, and their personnel, are a credit to our community. As a matter of fact, in our community the school system boasts teachers who give their whole being in the work of inspiring our colored citizens of tomorrow. This nullifies greatly the excuses of illiteracy and ignorance.

Of course, it may be ignorance or lack of intellect considered in the excuse, "They're like children."

Is that true? Does the man who says it believe

it? A good many statistics might be compiled to show that the intellect of the average colored man does not greatly vary from that of the average white man. Disregarding the possibilities of such a compilation, let us consider the excuse, "They're like children." What is a child but an immature man? Psychology and law are applied even to children in this modern day of ours. And discipline is touted as a quite modern practice. One slaps the back of a child's hand, and the child knows he isn't to repeat that act. One puts the child into a "silent room" or stands him in a corner as disciplinary measures.

Let us suppose Cornelius Green is like a child. Then, Cornelius Green—on the occasion of his first arrest—should have been called to account for his performance of ill-doing. Had he then repeated the performance a few more times, certainly had he repeated as many as 48 times, he would well expect to be sent away for a good long time—and not just 90 days, either! In fact, he probably would have been sent away sooner than his 48th arrest, and saved the courts much expense, the police much trouble, the community much damage!

For there is no way of measuring the damage that Cornelius Green's record has meant in his community. No amount of right-living and pointing the way, by good citizens of his color can offset the bad effects of Green's "getting by" because of color. Especially when you multiply by the number of fellows in the same category as Green, all influencing one another.

Green—and those like him,—smacked across the fingers on the occasion of his first arrest, might have been a fine citizen. He is not a bad citizen even now. I know him, and I know he treats his family well, runs an orderly business and actually considers himself a good citizen. He accepts as his due the backwards-bending that the law has accorded him. He accepts too, the horrible knifings, the mobs, the larceny, the illicit business, the constant disorderly riots of which he is a part. He does not realize these things would not be, had he a straighter sense of law-abiding citizenry himself. And his failure to realize this makes his community a disorderly riot-ridden center, full of crime, murder, adultery, delinquency; worse, full of children who are tomorrow's citizens.

And in this community all the good citizens struggle valiantly, hopefully, to offset this sad state of affairs. The good citizens' work is patient, like the drip of water against rock. Whereas Green's explosive and frequent blasts are like the full-cry bursting of a dam.

And the people read about Green in the paper and curse the colored man.

THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

Illustrated by Gedge Harmon



The Story so far: In May, 1916, while three little Portuguese children were tending their flocks near Fatima, a bright cloud came towards them, and out of the cloud a figure appeared, saying he was the Angel of Peace, and later the Guardian Angel of Portugal. This was the beginning of a series of apparitions. On May 13, 1917, a beautiful Lady appeared to the same children at Cova da Iria and announced that she would come to them on the 13th of each month until October. During the June apparition she showed them her heart surrounded by the thorns of men's sins and asked them to pray for sinners. She asked for the introduction of the devotion of the First Saturdays, i.e., Confession, Communion, Rosary, and a quarter hour's meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary.

LUCIA spoke more wisely than she knew. In July, 1917, there was a really great need that the Russian people should recite the Rosary devoutly, for within three months Communism was to sweep over the land and cause untold misery to millions. In a lesser degree this was true of other European countries—including Portugal, where since 1910 atheists had been in firm control of the government.

Atheists! One of these was the mayor of Ourem (the nearest town of any size to Fatima), and when word was brought to him of the miraculous happenings in the Cova, he was beside himself with rage.

"You mean that three little peasants are setting themselves up as *prophets*?" he roared. "What nonsense! Don't waste my time or yours with such fairy tales!"

Respectfully the mayor's assistants informed him

that events at Fatima could not be ignored. Some five thousand people had gone to the Cova da Iria for the lady's appearance in July. Possibly three times this number, or even more, would be on hand in August, for the apparitions had been given wide publicity in the newspapers. Everyone was interested.

"Well, I'm not interested," said the mayor bluntly. "You know I don't believe in God. Then why should I believe in silly visions that tell me to say the Rosary?"

"Perhaps you should be interested," suggested an assistant slyly. "After all, Fatima is in territory under your control. If there's any disturbance there next month. . ."

"Yes, fifteen thousand people could make trouble if they became excited," put in a deputy. "It wouldn't look well, sir, if the government in Lisbon found out that you hadn't taken precautions."

The mayor snorted. "Well, what do you want me to do?"

The deputy and the assistants swiftly agreed on one point: the mayor must order the three children of Fatima and their fathers to appear before him at Ourem. Being of peasant stock, these simple folk would be much afraid of any officer of the law. With a little coaxing they could be made to confess that the whole affair was a fraud, that the parish priest had ordered them to begin a shrine that would rival the famous grotto at Lourdes and thus bring both pilgrims and prominence to Fatima.

"You see, sir, there's nothing more to it than this," explained the assistant. "These peasants wanted to make some extra money. So, when the priest promised them a share in what the future pilgrims would leave..."

"Exactly!" broke in the deputy. "I've always felt that religion is a cleverly organized business. Now I know it. The sooner we can close every church in Portugal, as we have done with the convents and seminaries, the sooner we can have an extra source of income and less taxes for ourselves. That's the way it is in a really up-to-date country."

The mayor's crafty eyes lit up. "I do believe you're right," he said. "If we can do something up here in the hills to kill religion..."

"And we can, sir. Every little bit helps."

"Of course. Go, order these stupid children and their fathers to come to Ourem at once. Let them see that we understand their little game."

So a message was despatched to Fatima, announcing that Antonio dos Santos, father of Lucia, and Manuel Marto, father of Francisco and Jacinta, must appear before the mayor of Ourem. And they were to bring the children with them.

Surprisingly enough, Manuel Marto was far from fearful over the unexpected summons. Calmly he declared that he would go to Ourem and answer whatever questions the mayor cared to ask. But he would not bring Francisco and Jacinta. They were too young to make such a tiring trip.

"Leave Lucia at home, too," he advised his brother-in-law. "After all, what harm has the child done?"

But Lucia's mother would not hear of this. "The girl goes with you," she informed her husband. "Didn't she start this whole affair in the first place?"

Lucia was most unhappy that she had to go to Ourem without her cousins. Yet when the time came for her to tell her story to the mayor, she spoke up bravely. Yes—there was a heavenly lady in the Cova. She would make herself seen for the fourth time on the thirteenth day of August. So far her message had been that people must change their lives, say the Rosary and make sacrifices for sinners.

"And when the lady came last month she taught us a new prayer," the child concluded. "Every time we make a sacrifice for sinners we are to say it."

The mayor's face grew hard. "Yes? And what's this prayer?"

"Oh, Jesus, I offer this for the love of Thee, for the conversion of sinners, and in reparation for all the wrongs done to the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

These holy words were too much for the mayor, whose heart had long been set against God and religion. "Silly little girl!" he cried. "If you want to be punished, just keep on with such stupid lies as these!"

"But they're not lies, sir. We really saw the beautiful lady. And she really said everything I've told you."

"Nonsense! There is no lady. And you must give me your solemn promise not to go to the Cova on the thirteenth of August. Come, now—hurry up!"

Lucia looked imploringly at her father, at her uncle, knowing only too well that they could do little for her. Then, folding her hands, she spoke in a firm but respectful voice:

"I can't promise not to go to the Cova on the thirteenth."

"Why not?"

"Because the lady said we were to be there that day, and we have to obey her. After all, she comes from heaven."

In vain the mayor threatened, coaxed, threatened again. He could not obtain the promise he desired so much. Nor could he force from Lucia the smallest part of the secret message she and her cousins had been given in July.

"Well, why don't you do something?" he cried finally, turning to the father and uncle who had been standing by, silent witnesses of his futile efforts. "After all, this stubborn child is yours—not mine!"

Antonio dos Santos and Manuel Marto shrugged their shoulders. What could they do? Lucia had her faults, but telling lies was not one of them—or breaking promises, either. Besides, weeks ago others had tried to make the girl change her story. There had been scoldings, beatings, even several interviews with the parish priest. All to no avail.

Abruptly, the mayor gave in and ordered the three peasants to leave his office. But even as they made their way back to Fatima, an evil scheme was brewing in his mind.

"That stubborn little girl wouldn't give me her promise not to go to the Cova," he thought. "That means she and the others will be there on the thirteenth of August. They'll pretend the heavenly lady came and talked to them once more, and thousands of stupid pilgrims will go into hysterics. But, and there was a cruel gleam in the mayor's eyes, "it could be a different story—if the children were kept away from the Cova by force!"

The more he thought, the more the mayor was convinced that he had hit upon the perfect plan

to put an end to the unusual happenings at Fatima. It could be so easy to kidnap the children! On the thirteenth day of August, just as they were setting out for the Cova, he would drive up to their house in his shiny black automobile. He would be very kind and gracious. He would even apologize for his previous harsh words. Then he would beg the parents' permission to drive the three children to the sheep pasture. He would assure them that he believed in the heavenly lady and that he wished to be on hand at the Cova as a pilgrim. Surely they couldn't refuse him permission to escort the children in his car, especially since he was doing it in a spirit of reparation?

A little before eleven o'clock on the thirteenth day of August, the mayor put the first part of his unholy plan into action. With a grand flourish he drove up to the Marto house, where their families were assembled and asked permission to take Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta to the Cova. It was a hot day, he said, and more than a mile to the sheep pasture. Surely the children would be very tired if they had to walk the entire distance, and on a road crowded with pilgrims.

The Marto and dos Santos families were surprised—and not a little pleased—that the mayor of Ourem should come to their door and ask a favor. After a short conference, the two fathers gave the desired permission. Then as they stood there, somewhat fascinated at the sight of the shiny black automobile, the

mayor settled the children inside the machine and gave orders to be off.

The three little shepherds would have much preferred walking to the Cova, but they dared not question their parents' wishes. However, it was not long before Lucia was looking up anxiously at the mayor.

"Please, sir, we're going the wrong way. The Cova is back of us, not in front."

The latter chuckled. "I know. But I thought we'd make a quick trip to Ourem. I want the three of you to meet the parish priest there."

Francisco's eyes were wide with alarm. "Ourem? But we haven't time, sir! The lady always comes about noon. Please turn back!"

"Oh yes!" cried Jacinta. "It would be just terrible if we were late!"

Once again the mayor smiled his crafty smile. "Don't you know anything about automobiles, children? Why, we can go to Ourem and still be at the Cova in plenty of time for your lady."

For several minutes all was silence as the car sped along the highway. Then the outline of Ourem came into view, and Lucia's eyes brightened as they noted a nearby steeple glistening in the sun. The church! Why, this trip hadn't taken so long after all! Probably the parish priest lived only a few steps away, and they could see him at once. Then, what joy! They could be on their way back to Fatima. Once more the lady would stand atop

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LUCIA WENT TO OUREM WITH HER FATHER AND UNCLE.

Modern Fight

IN the United States alone, various forms of cancer are responsible for more than 200,000 deaths each year. This cold fact is an alarming one, but it would serve no good purpose to gloss over it lightly. Rather, we should face the menace of cancer squarely and frankly, for it is one human affliction where an ounce of prevention might well change the story of one's whole life.

1. Mice with cancer of the breast are selected for treatment. They will be given different doses of x-rays to find out the best way to treat cancer.
2. Another way of culturing cancer is to inject bits of cancer into the eyes of certain animals.
3. The operation is examined for mistakes. The growth of the cancer will be watched the same way.



In recent years our cancer specialists have strongly supported the view that the more the public is informed of the known facts about cancer, the better able the nation will be to curb its occurrence. Contrary to the all too popular belief, many forms of this mysterious disease are preventable and curable, but the effectiveness of all well established cancer treatments is dependent upon early detection. And although modern medical scientists must admit that they do not yet know the deep secrets of nature whereby cancer is produced in the human being, nevertheless they have discovered for us a wealth of information about some of the peculiarities of cancer which should be familiar to everyone.

It is now generally believed, for example, that cancer is not an infectious disease and, therefore, it is not contagious in the same sense as measles or diphtheria. Cancer may not be "caught" like the common cold, pneumonia, or the social diseases. One of the most serious obstacles which doctors have had to overcome in the treatment of cancer has been the wholly unfounded stigma of disgrace which some persons have associated with this disease. Cancer is not a "blood" disease in the ordinary sense, and there should not be any feeling of shame on the part of those who have been unfortunate enough to contract it in one form or another.

The Nature of Cancer

Our bodies start out as a single cell which reproduces itself very rapidly, but in an orderly



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Against Cancer

Orlando A. Battisia

manner and according to nature's plan. By the time a child is born the single life-cell has reproduced itself many trillions of times, and these new born cells maintain a desire to keep on forming new cells until an individual reaches maturity. Then they slow down very markedly and under normal circumstances reproduce themselves only at such a rate as to replace surface cells which are removed through the wear and tear which our bodies are subjected to. In addition, they will accelerate their activity when they are called upon to repair damaged tissues.

If, as an adult, we receive an injury the body cells in the area of the injury proceed to multiply at once until all the damage has been fully repaired to nature's satisfaction. But once the job has been properly accomplished, the cells relapse into a state of comparative dormancy. Similarly, if we suffer an infection from a rusty nail, a neglected scratch, or a typhus germ, the body cells are capable of coming to our defense to help localize the invading dangerous enemies, and then route them. This process may even involve the building up of materials in the body which will protect us from similar infections in the future.

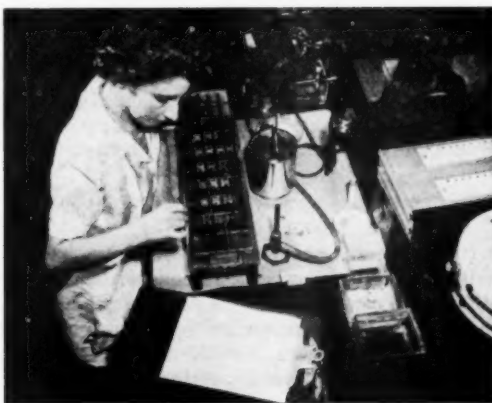
Cancer, on the other hand, starts out from a single cell, or a group of cells, which are different from any other cells in the body. The cancer cells are characterised by a very powerful desire to reproduce themselves, not in an orderly manner and according to nature's blueprints, but in a very disorganized manner which spreads out in all direc-

tions. These cells behave as though they suddenly became insane, and the human body has not shown itself to be able to develop an immunity against them. Once they are permitted to get a head-start, they will force their way into surrounding healthy cells and destroy them. They may even invade the blood stream in search of new places from which

4. In position, note the cancer outside the shield.

5. All growing cells must be kept at blood heat. The operator is putting the flasks into an incubator.

6. The pieces of tissue are placed in separate containers filled with melted paraffin and remain there till soaked with wax. There they cool and are embedded in a solid block of wax.



they may attempt to express their insatiable desire to reproduce themselves.

The Causes of Cancer

We know very little about the origin of these cells, and how they get their start in the first place, but we do have a great deal of information about certain things they are sensitive to, and about how they may be checked or removed. The modern microscope, in conjunction with special staining techniques, permits our doctors to quickly distinguish cancer cells from normal cells even before they have gone on a rampage. Many reliable conclusions have been reached as to factors which will promote cancer from out of a vast reservoir of knowledge which has been obtained through innumerable scientific investigations into the elusive background of cancer.

For a long time, it has been known that local mechanical and chemical irritations might produce cancer cells. An outstanding example is the prevalence of "chimney-sweeper's" cancer which was common among the poor English folk years ago who earned their living by cleaning out soot from congested chimneys; this form of cancer was traced to the constant exposure to soot. It was not until 1914, however, that scientists found a method of producing cancer in animals almost at will by chemical means. It was then discovered that gas-house coal tar would produce local cancer when it was repeatedly applied, hot, to the ears of rabbits. Earlier investigations had tried this material on the skin of mice without effect, and it was not until the sensitive tissues of the ears of rabbits were tried that conclusive results were obtained. Our doctors also had many case records of cancer among persons who worked in close contact with certain materials like shale oil, or whose occupations resulted in excessive exposures to radium rays, ultra-violet light, or X-rays.

More recently, cancer has been produced consistently in rats by the action of hormones, and a whole group of chemical compounds similar to the coal tar substances have been established as cancer-producing substances when they are applied in such a manner as to produce repeated irritations.

The Prevention and Cure of Cancer

It has been established with certainty that some individuals are more liable to contract cancer than others, and considerable evidence is available which suggests that the susceptibility to cancer might be tied up directly with heredity. Here again the facts are by no means straightforward, and cer-

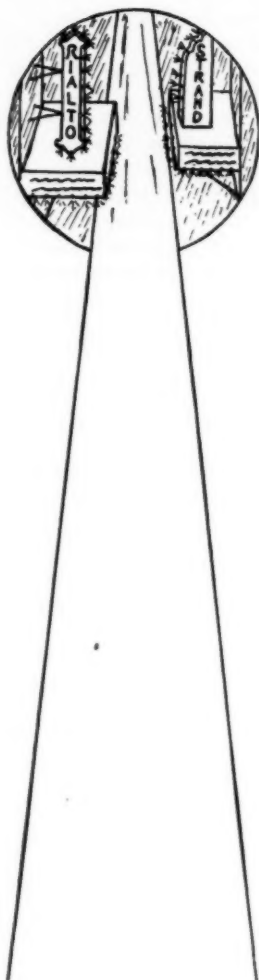
tainly with cancer, more so than with anything else, broad generalities cannot be made. If the incidence of cancer amongst your immediate relatives has been unusually high, then it would be advisable to be more consistent in having physical examinations periodically.

Cancer, as a rule, does show a preference for older persons, especially those over fifty, but it is by no means limited to persons of any age-group; it has been reported for individuals of almost every age. Nevertheless, middle-aged or older persons are the ones who can help themselves most in preventing cancer by being on their guard for the appearance of unusually abnormal symptoms which may or may not indicate a possible center of cancer. It must be remembered that the human body is always going through a process of change, and every swelling or sore should not be cause for worry. It is only when lumps or sores or painful ulcers linger on for many weeks and even months that you should drop by for a chat with your doctor. He can determine in a very short time what might be up, and if nothing is the matter he will set your mind at ease. If he thinks trouble might be starting, you will then have at least caught it at a time when your chances of a complete cure are excellent. Modern surgical and X-ray practice in the treatment of cancer are effective in a remarkably high percentage of cases. It is the sadly neglected cases of cancer in which the destructive cells have been permitted to become very deeply rooted that offer considerable difficulty, but even many of these cases are being dealt with in an encouraging manner. Any doctor will tell you that cancer in our day can be prevented, and in many cases cured, if doctors are called to the rescue early enough.

The emphasis in cancer treatment is on prevention, and early detection. Abnormalities on the surface of our bodies, or in our body behavior have a reason behind them, and it is imperative that we never try to "doctor" them ourselves. "See your family physician" is the best advice that can be given to anyone who is suspicious of anything that doesn't seem quite right, and if more persons would follow this advice, there is every reason to believe that the devastations wrought by cancer in its advanced stages could be drastically reduced, and in many cases cancer could be permanently rooted out before it has a chance to get a strangle-hold.

RADIO, READING, REELS

Matilda Rose McLaren



more radios than telephones; 30,000,000 of them. Forty-one per cent of our children have sets in their bedrooms.

We have our choice of more than thirty quiz programs. By regularly listening to a number of these one's education is improved, although educators differ in estimation of their value to program participants. One school of thought says: "Quiz programs have made brilliance popular; no longer is it the mark of a sissy or teacher's pet." Another says: "Quiz programs call for too much specialized knowledge in nature, music, mathematics or what-have-you, but what about the three R's, readin', writin' and 'rithmetic?"

Topical programs, such as TOWN MEETING, help to keep us informed. If we have good radio taste, we can hear our country's foremost artists right in our own homes. But radio also brings right into our homes unappreciated advertizing. That is one of the penalties of democracy. In Europe, to own a "wireless," one pays a license and escapes jarring "commercials." Our way for paying for some of the truly splendid programs is to have a beautiful symphony shattered with, "Madam, do you need a cathartic?" Breathes there a mother who hasn't bought cereal so sonny could exchange the box top for just one more trinket? Ask any group of modern youngsters, "What made Samson so strong?" and your answer'll be: "Wheaties!" But so-called children's programs are often the fore-runners of nightmares. While parents sit comfortably in their living rooms listening to pet programs, children shiver through murder and crime stories in their bedrooms after lights out, just when they are passing through the hero-worshipping age.

We are offered 17,000 different daily programs; only twenty-two per cent are listed under educational, but that makes 3,740. These are not all available to all of us all of the time. Even so, if we could reach only one-half of one per cent of these, we'd have a choice of from fifteen to twenty *good* educational daily programs.

How many local originations does your personal radio log include? Consider the many truly fine

IT was a lovely spring afternoon when I suggested, "Son, you've been house-bound all winter. Why don't you get up a ball game?"

"Good idea." Junior was enthusiastic . . . but not for long. "Everybody's busy," he presently announced. "I made eleven telephone calls and only got one nibble. They're either going to the movies or listening to the radio."

Do you know, in the average American home, radio is turned on five hours a day? We have



programs county superintendents of schools offer to teach music and art over the air for benefit of country schools not in position to afford specialized supervisors. One Iowa station gives spelling tests every Friday afternoon for school absentees. What's to keep city cousins from joining on days they're piled up with bad colds? Why don't you, just to brush up?

Are you acquainted with the Bible forums? The Safety programs? There are nature study lectures which will hold Junior's attention on rainy Saturday mornings. Why not do a little arm chair exploring *with your child* and help him chart a personal log? Then thumb tack it near the radio.

From a parental point of view, transcribed programs are perhaps the safest bet because they're pre-auditioned. A spur of the moment performance might permit an objectionable *ad lib*. Surveys show there are 32,000,000 children with their ears glued to the radio from five to six P.M., yet Mrs. Indifferent will tell you:

"Children soon learn to discount the exaggerated advertising on juvenile programs." I ask you, why should our children *have to* discount adult statements made with such gusto? If exaggeration is tolerated in one field, why not another?

Recently 10,000 young people were asked, "What type of advertising influences your spending money most?" "Radio," answered 69.3 percent. Doesn't that make sincerity a MUST?

About fifty cities have organized radio councils to work WITH, not against, local stations. Personnel of these councils are composed of representatives from local clergy, Parent Teacher Associations, Womens' Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A's. Is your city one of them?

What our youngsters read is highly important. Recently, I caught my fourteen-year-old reading one of my books on child culture. Questioned, he

answered, "Aw, Mom, I gotta know whether I'm being raised right, don't I?" Youth reads everything in sight. What's in sight at your house?

Too many of our best sellers are best smellers. A child's mental diet should be as carefully guarded as his physical. In a day and age when we have so many wonderfully fine books on biography, a child's natural hero worship can easily be called upon to cultivate a taste for that type of reading.

It is said there are two kinds of readers: Those who read to remember and those who read to forget. There should be more reading *to remember*; read in the family circle. President Roosevelt annually collected his family to listen to his rendition of Dickens's Christmas Carol. That sort of thing should be made an all year 'round family project; and it should include good old-fashioned Bible reading. "Reading maketh a full man."

A St. Louis Library record shows two out of three books taken out by youngsters are fiction; in Dallas, three-fifths; in Muncie, four-fifths. Now, good fiction is fine; so is ice cream. But a straight diet of ice cream would soon produce a panty waist. Of the fiction read in these three cities, only seven per cent was rated as "Superior"; forty-eight, "Medium"; and forty-five "Inferior"!

When youths' reading is limited to the love story, he gets the wrong perspective of marriage. Most love stories end with the engagement or wedding and lump marriage off with, "They lived happily ever-after." In a country where one out of every six marriages ends in divorce, youth should be made to understand a wedding does not make a marriage. Mark Twain said people cannot know perfect love until they've been married twenty-five years. Building a home takes much patience and prayer but, thank God, "Love never faileth."

Our periodicals are prone to glamorize the divorces of celebrities. Why don't we, as parents, demand more credit be given such one-women men as Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Don Ameche! Youth needs to know there *are* artists who hold marriage sacred.

So-called comic books which caused a great deal of alarm a few years back seem to be on the up and up. A number are on the market which glorify history and biography. For ten cents one can buy the life of Jesus set up in colored cartoons; for fifty, the stories of the Old Testament. If parents set their library tables with these and throw into the garbage the blood and thunder "comics," the situation should iron itself out... the law of supply and demand still works!

Among adults, the picture is encouraging. The White House Conference reports that of 2,757 typical families studied, fifty per cent of the mothers

had read at least one book on child culture within the last year. Thirty-seven per cent of the fathers had read newspaper and magazine articles on the same subject. That picture has changed since the founder of Parents Magazine was told: "I don't see why bringing up children should be such a problem. All you've got to do is dress 'em up, feed 'em up and beat 'em up!"

Do you know that upward of sixty million people, one-fourth of whom are between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four, attend movies each week? That means an average of once a week per child. Considering the rural children who seldom attend, to get that average, city children must simply live in movies. That eats up dollars and time which had far better go into other channels. Motion Picture Research Council reports only one in five pictures fit for juvenile audience.

"Seeing is believing," except in the movie where love scenes surpass all understanding. One young man recently said, "Movies have caused me to chuck all restraint; they've made me unhappy in our humble home." His state is readily understood when we review the lavish settings, hot love scenes and costly costuming of lounge lizard characters. From the battlefield a soldier bitterly writes:

"You folks failed to equip us psychologically, spiritually and morally for a war that demands a

heart as well as a gun. You took us from our American cradle full of joyous jitterbugs, comics, and dreamful movies and threw us into a world full of stark seriousness that demands a sacrifice which we were totally unprepared to give... Make movies that are real, full of life's realities as well as entertainment. Let them give our minds a chance instead of stirring up our passions and emotions."

As church people and P. T. A'ers, we've done much to clean up the gangster and more lurid sex pictures; but we haven't gone far enough to give the rest of the world an honest picture of U.S.A., as witness this query addressed to a missionary: "Don't you have any virtuous women in America? All I know of your people is what I see in the movies," confessed the Chinaman. What to do?

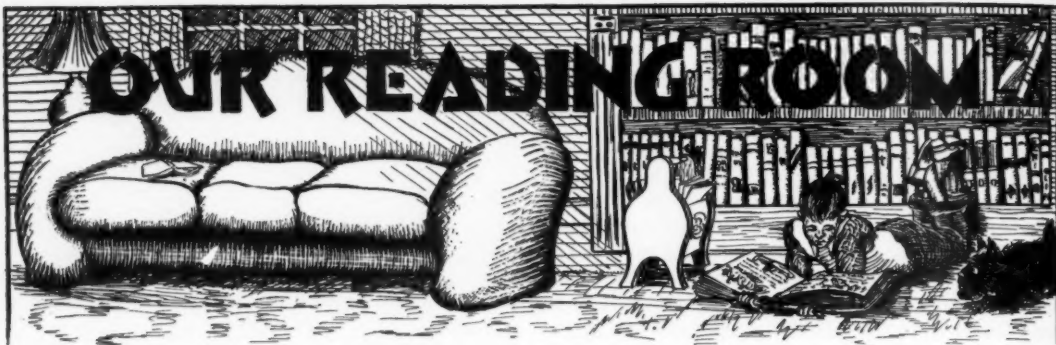
A number of cities have arranged with managements to show over the week end only such pictures as are listed in that "one out of five" group... and bar children from movies on school nights, which is excellent from more than one point of view.

We can increase the use of non-commercial movies. Ten thousand schools have sound projectors; fifteen thousand more are equipped with silent ones... but they're too seldom dusted off! Available for church and school use on 16mm projectors

(Continued on p. 352.)

The Seniors of the Minor Seminary, St. Meinrad, listening to the Catholic Hour over the radio. The Catholic Hour, sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, is one of the most dignified programs on the air. Its popularity may be judged from the "fan" mail which deluges Monsignor Sheen after a broadcast. His mail amounts to from eight to ten thousand letters a week during his broadcasts.





THE IDEA OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE

John J. Ryan
Sheed & Ward \$2.00

ANY self-styled realist will probably snort that this book is too idealistic. But this charge against *The Idea of a Catholic College* can be true only if it is impractical to plan the best way of training people for life—this one and the next.

Mr. Ryan would have the Catholic College built upon an everlasting foundation of Charity, and the student and graduate, living his life in the Mystical Body of Christ, would be led to burn with this charity whilst he prays, plays, plies his trade and exercises his profession. Certainly, the author presents a primarily religious training, but its most apparent result will be men of skill and competence. The product will always be a gem, albeit a rough diamond sometimes, but never a paste pearl.

The book is a refreshing restatement of the ideals of Catholic education, but it is more than that. The aims are implemented with a solid, plausible curriculum designed to develop in the student skill which, in Cardinal Newman's words, "prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility."

The format of the volume is very attractive. Also to be commended are the precise statements of the contents of each chapter and the point of summary of his thesis concluding his exposition. The book ends with a chapter of answers to anticipated objections and two brief

appendices. The chapters on the teacher should be read by anyone who intends ever to put a piece of chalk to a classroom blackboard.

Most readers will be a bit startled by the realization that the author is a layman—but that fact packs more power into his thesis. He is well qualified to speak with a background of teaching experience ranging from Harvard to College of Holy Cross, where he is at present. The book is thoroughly provocative, at times exhilarating, surely to be recommended to all interested even remotely in Catholic education.

Louis Trewalter, S.M.

WHO WALK IN PRIDE

By Helene Margaret
Bruce Publishing Co.

For those readers who are intrigued by the French Revolution this Catholic historical novel will be entertaining. Such well informed readers will remember that once the perfumed and peruked lords and ladies clattered through the Paris streets in their gilt carriages scattering the poor to right and left and splashing them with filth from the gutters. Then came a day when the same Paris gutters ran red with the blood of guillotined French aristocrats. The Reign of Terror of 1792 had driven every Frenchman, even distantly related to the old aristocracy, into some convenient rat hole in Paris or into exile abroad.

So in the opening chapter of the novel we find Antoine Dejean, and his sisters, children of a decadent colonial aristocrat, hiding in the darkness of a Jewish wine cellar in

the Rue des Rosiers. The story of their escape from Paris, disguised as barefooted peasants, their voyage to Saint Domingue, their tropical sugar plantation in the West Indies, Antoine's murder of a slave, his exile to the United States, the bloody slave insurrection on the island with the escape of the ill-fated Dejean family, will furnish the reader who likes a flavor of historical romance with passable entertainment.

Helene Margaret's story, for such a short novel, lacks unity of place, for the reader is whisked away on a magic carpet from Paris to the lush jungles of Saint Domingue, and then to the American wilderness of the upper Carolinas. The writer, however, is able to weave into the interesting fabric of her story a truth that Edgar Allan Poe once tried to dramatize in his short story, *THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER*, the slow decay of a family whose sole claim to greatness lay in the accident of birth, and the emptiness of a noble name. The author does not allow the reader to forget the fate of this family, as one by one she allows their own insuperable pride to be their undoing and ruin. The book can be recommended for general patronage.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

GINGHAM AND SILK

By Anna V. Culhane
St. Nazianz, Wis. \$2.25

GINGHAM AND SILK is a collection of twenty-one short stories. The author, in writing this book, had the average reader in mind, and with the average reader her book

should be favorably received. There is nothing startling about these stories; we have here merely a collection of pleasant stories about every-day people.

One might disagree with the author's too obvious attempt to moralize on several occasions. She wants to apply good Catholic principles in her stories, but the methods she uses seem to rob the stories of their full force. Her condemnation of the vice of gossiping, for example, seems to place her on the pulpit rather than at the writer's desk.

On the other hand, one cannot read these stories without sensing the author's absorbing interest in and love for people. No matter how black the character may appear at the opening of a story, when the change of heart comes, the author does manage to make her character act naturally. The story "Gingham and Lace" is an outstanding example of her ability. But Miss Culhane is at her best when writing about children; the children in her stories are all so very real, so natural and so lovable. The very short Christmas story of Billy O'Day and his Grandma has all the imagery of O. Henry's famous "Gift of the Magi." The average Catholic reader can read this small book with both profit and enjoyment.

William Vogt

AUGUSTINE'S QUEST FOR WISDOM

By Vernon J. Bourke, Ph. D.
Bruce Publishing Co.

Even for one who is not a scholar or philosopher this book will serve as a key which will open to the modern Christian mind, beset on all sides by the "isms" of neo-pagan thought, an intellectual land of milk and honey. This book is truly an "encyclopedia of Augustinian thought" which no serious Christian thinker can afford to neglect.

"The great central purpose of the book," says Father Husslein, S.J., general editor, "is to trace faithfully for our age Saint Augustine's spiritual as well as his mental journey toward God. It is that two-fold purpose which gives the book its significant title, Augustine's Quest For Wisdom."

Saint Augustine was a pathfinder in the field of Catholic theology and apologetics. Questions others had never asked before he attempted to answer with a lucidity and brilliance that has won him the enviable title of the "First Christian Philosopher." His mind was like an inquisitive search light seeking out the coves and bays of an uncharted coast, and then finally mapping his discoveries for the medieval Christian thinkers who followed him. Speculative truth was not the object of his search, but wisdom, and finally the God of Wisdom; in the first pages of his immortal *CONFESIONS* he has set down the sentence which should drive every Christian soul toward the Author of Wisdom: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee."

Dr. Bourke does not attempt to exhaust all the complex problems that could possibly have agitated the mind of the great St. Augustine. He succeeds rather in unfolding the saint's two-fold career as scholar and churchman. Bourke does not dwell overlong on the stirring years prior to Augustine's conversion, intriguing as this period may be to the general reader. Most of the book is a commentary on the more than thirty years while the saint was Bishop of Hippo, for it is precisely this period which is most valuable to us from the viewpoint of Augustine's religious, philosophical and literary influence.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

THE BOOK OF CATHOLIC AUTHORS

Volume 3.
By Walter Romig
Detroit, Mich. \$2.20

Hollywood has long realized the appeal of tidbits about the personal life and habits of famous movie stars. The theater-going public, which is about half the public or more, are curious about the glittering people who love and suffer on the silver screen; they want to know what goes on behind the dazzling smile of Judy Garland, or the square jaw of Spencer Tracy.

Readers, too, are curious about the faces and the personal habits and

lives of their favorite authors. Walter Romig deserves orchids from Catholic readers for his excellent series of introductions to living Catholic authors. In this third volume of his series, *THE BOOK OF CATHOLIC AUTHORS*, Romig has prepared something fresh and original for readers who, as Damon Runyon might say, feel like "playing the warm to the guys and dolls" who wrote their favorite Catholic books and stories.

Pick up the book and meet face to face anyone from Donald Attwater to Enid Dinnis, from Eddie Doherty to Margaret Yeo; see for yourselves whether your favorite author is a bald-headed solon of sixty winters or a guy with a nice young chin in his early twenties; read the intimate little glimpses into their private lives as told by the authors themselves with humble candor and charm.

THE BOOK OF CATHOLIC AUTHORS, volumes I, II, III, are an answer to an English teacher's prayer. They are certainly an answer to the prayer of the Catholic librarian who is trying to build up an interest in Catholic literature. Readable, personal, and intimate, these informal self-portraits of modern Catholic authors are, I believe, attaining the purpose of the editor, Mr. Romig, to lead boys and girls, men and women, from a charming sketch of the Catholic author to the author's books and writings.

As one looks over Mr. Romig's list of Catholic authors one will undoubtedly be puzzled by the omissions as well as the inclusions until he remembers that the series of Catholic Authors is still in the making and that a fourth volume will be soon off the press.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

FIVE MILES CLOSER TO HEAVEN

By Chap. Harry F. Wade, C.S.S.R.
Liguorian Pamphlet Office
Oconomowoc, Wis. 25 cents.

Most of us have dreamed of falling from some cliff, and awakened on the edge of the bed, mouth dry with fear, and cold sweat beaded on

our foreheads. But few of us even in our worst nightmares have experienced the sensation of leaping from a crippled plane, and plummeting downward 22,000 feet through the night into an uncharted mountainous jungle. It is such an ex-

perience together with the adventures of his fellow officers and survivors of the crash that Chaplain Wade forcefully describes in this booklet, **FIVE MILES CLOSER TO HEAVEN**.

We are aware that there will be

many of these stories of war adventure getting into print now that the danger is past, and the veterans have the leisure and perspective to write them down; but few will be told with the vigor, sincerity, and vividness of Father Wade.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

Holding Our Own

(Continued from page 327)

we win, hundreds of poorly instructed men and women, who were born into the Faith, in time of temptation fall away. I would like to see in our daily newspapers paid advertisements explaining the theory and practice of Catholic Faith. Such articles should be in no sense argumentative or controversial, but should state the credentials of revealed religion in terms of undebatable truth. Such advertising would be as a lamp to light the way for

thoughtful readers who are sincerely interested in their eternal destiny, and who are courageous enough and enterprising enough to do something about it. It would also be an excellent means of supplementing the catechetical instruction of that large body of nominal Catholics who confine their reading to secular publications.

There is nothing more stimulating than a new idea. It always comes to us as a surprise, a sort of shock,

which all too often we stubbornly resist. We see this illustrated over and over again in the life story of Bernadette. From childhood we have heard of this saintly girl and of the miracles wrought at Lourdes. But we have waited for the dramatic presentation of "The Song of Bernadette" to bring home to us the vital meaning of the lesson she teaches: Purity, Simplicity and Truth.

Mary N. Seery

Chicago, Illinois

The Children of Fatima

(Continued from page 343)

the holm-oak. She would smile, would encourage her little friends to pray and make sacrifices for sinners. Perhaps there might even be a new message...

Suddenly Lucia's blood ran cold. The car had shot past the church, past the priest's house, and now was slowing up before an imposing and familiar building. As the child turned to the mayor, her eyes were dark with suspicion.

"This isn't the priest's house!"

"No? What is it then?"

"It's where you live..."

The man laughed harshly. "So you remember it from your first visit, do you? Well, remember this, too, my girl. It's also the jail, and full of thieves and murderers. Come, now—out with the three of you!"

The jail! Francisco and Jacinta cringed as the mayor jerked them from the car. Oh, what was going to happen? What was this terrible man going to do?

Radio, Reading, Reels

(Continued from page 349)

are 3,500 GOOD films. Over one hundred agencies distribute these. Hollywood has made available five hundred commercial educational pictures. Are you taking advantage of this?

One never-to-be-forgotten film is that on The Lord's Prayer which depicts "Give us this day our daily bread" to the child from the wheat field, through the mill and bakery on to his own table. It is a sin of omission not to expose youth to this type of treat film.

Teach that child to be discriminating in picture choice. What makes a good film? Like radio, reading and spinach, good taste can be developed.

As a family, consult magazines for guidance; many devote space to grading current movies. Let's never be guilty of sending Junior to any old movie just to have him out from under foot, for, as Dorothy Thompson warns, "In the end we pay for all our sins of omission; we pay in dollars as well as heartbreak and in scars on our civilization. The problem is to put first things first."

STARS AND STRIPES reminds us: "The time is now. Today may be our last chance to mix the mortar that will keep our house together. Tomorrow may be too late." As every parent knows, children grow up so fast, the time for developing good taste in radio, reading and movies is now!

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Brother Meinrad helped me so much and spared me an operation. He did so in a very short time and I am sure he will help others as he has helped me. I promised publication. B.U. (Minn.)

My son returned safely from the army. Please publish my thanks, as I promised this to Brother Meinrad. M.F.S. (Ind.)

Today I prayed for relief from pains which I sometimes suffer, and was almost immediately relieved. M.S. (Ind.)

Under the "Patch Test" our little boy showed positive, but after praying to Brother Meinrad we had him x-rayed and the reply we received was favorable. E.E. (Ind.)

I prayed that my daughter would find a suitable husband. Six days after completing a novena my prayers were answered, thanks to Brother Meinrad. W.S. (Ind.)

Will you kindly have a Mass of thanksgiving said for the glorification of Brother Meinrad for a very special favor granted me. After applying his picture, all internal and external hemorrhages ceased. I had been anointed and prepared for death. S.M.E. (New York)

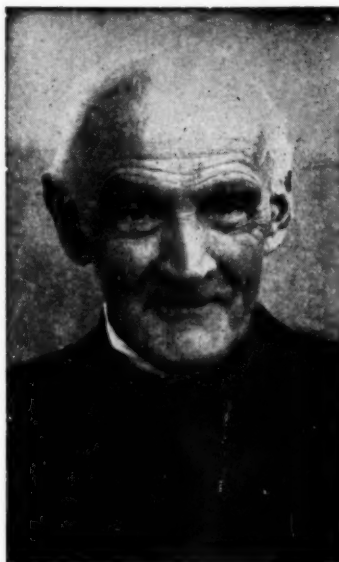
Accept my contribution in thanksgiving for the clearing up of an ear condition of my son in service after prayer to Brother Meinrad. J. L. M. (Ohio)

Prayers to Brother Meinrad and Little Rose resulted in the disappearance of a small growth and an improvement in my own health as well as that of my brother. M. E. S. (Pa.)

I had not heard from my husband for five weeks. The day after I prayed to Brother Meinrad and Little Rose I received several letters from him. L. H. H. (Ind.)

I am enclosing an offering in thanksgiving for many favors, large and small, I received from Brother Meinrad. R. L. R. (Ind.)

Enclosed find an offering in thanksgiving for relief from a sinus infection that kept me from Mass for almost three months. F. L. (Ind.)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

I promised publication if a certain boy recovered from osteomyelitis, for which he had been treated over a number of years. He has now been out of the hospital over a month and is back at work. A. J. S. (Iowa)

About two months ago my mother had a fall and up to the present has had no ill effects. Thanks to Brother Meinrad. J. S. (La.)

I wish to acknowledge a very great favor from Brother Meinrad. I promised a High Mass in thanksgiving. M. S. (Ind.)

After losing heavily in my business I appealed to Brother Meinrad. Yesterday my speculations balanced all previous losses. This required a lot of help of the kind only Brother Meinrad could have given. J. G. (Pa.)

I wish to acknowledge that Brother Meinrad has granted a singular grace of great importance to me. R. M. (Ind.)

A certain lady was suffering from cancers over her whole body. She is now well and became so after praying to Brother Meinrad. This was most astonishing. S. M. C. (Ind.)

I suffered from diabetes, which had advanced to such a state that the bones in my feet were infected. There was also a bad condition of hemorrhoids. The doctor said I must have a blood transfusion so that I could stand the operation two days later. That same night, however, I read about Brother Meinrad, prayed to him, and the next morning all signs of the hemorrhoids had vanished. I never underwent the operation and there has been no recurrence of the malady. Anon. (Ind.)

Please publish my thanks to Brother Meinrad for restoring the health of a very sick friend. M. B. (Ind.)

A husband, known to squander much of his pay, without urging of any kind, turned his insurance over in its entirety to his wife. Brother Meinrad had been invoked to bring the husband to a better habit. Anon. (Ind.)

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